

# Maclean's

CANADIAN  
FORCES UNDER FIRE  
IN THE BALKANS

# 'LOOKING AT GOD'

**Scientists Proclaim That  
Space Images Show The Origins  
Of The Universe**



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Here is an automobile that combines the sprightly, sure-footed

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1. United Nations, International Narcotics Control Board 1990.  
2. International prescription items, 1991.  
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**222<sup>®</sup>AF** STRENGTH YOU CAN COUNT ON  
Without Codeine

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## COVER

### 'LOOKING AT GOD'

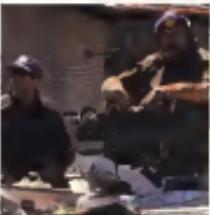
Data collected by an American satellite may provide a picture of the universe from about 15 billion years ago and explain how the process that formed stars and galaxies began. The discovery, by a team led by astrophysicist George Smoot, reached off a hasty celebration in the scientific community and was halted in verifying the Big Bang theory of the creation of the universe. — 34



## SPECIAL REPORT

### ON THE FIRING LINE

Canadian peacekeepers are helping to maintain a ceasefire and disarm the embattled war-torn Croatia. But just as prospects for peace appeared to grow, a new outbreak of fighting in the neighboring republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina threatened to plunge Yugoslavia even more deeply into war.



## TRAVEL

### MEETING IN SEVILLE

About 18 million people are expected to visit Expo 92 in Seville, the centerpiece of Spain's celebration of the 500th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' voyage to the Americas. And in the days following last week's opening festival, Seville's perfume was one of the most popular attractions.





# The Best In The World

**C**anadian soldiers, mainly from the Royal 22nd Regiment (the famed Van Doos), with support from several other units, are writing a new code book for peacekeepers. The troops are patrolling the fractious lines between warring Balkan republics in winter, until a brief truce begins later this year. They are the Canadian referees. The 1,200-strong contingents are maintaining a peace tradition that began in 1948 on the hills of Kandahar and repeated itself in the sands of Suez and the Suez after the 1956 Arab-Israeli War, the Belgian Congo, Cyprus, Vietnam and other regions. Canadian peacekeepers have come under fire; some of it deadly, in most of those places. But the Balkan conflict, ethnic tensions and suddenly shifting alliances make the area extremely difficult—and dangerous—to police. It is also part of a phenomenon unique in the late 20th century: the rapid breakup of old empires, federations and blocs, from Moscow to Karen Range and now to the Balkans under the sun. It is a pattern that seems certain to cause bloodshed, hardship and international uncertainty well into the 21st century. The referee is the Balkan war, and the peacekeeping partners are the Canadians, simply because they are the best in the world at what they do.

Foreign editor Bruce Wallace, who spent last week on the front lines with the Canadians, said that they are taking on new roles as peacekeepers. "The professionalism of the Canadian army is clearly evident," he said. "The Canadians have been writing the book on peacekeeping. The others are trying to make it up as they go along." He also said that the thoughts of the mainly French-speaking Van Doos and of English-Canadian troops often turn to home. Said Wallace: "Some of the troops remarked on French-English tensions at home and on the situation here, and they talked about how we have to avoid ever letting our country deteriorate to a situation like this." That concern, at least, remains constant, even when almost everything else is changing.



BRIAN HARRIS/WHITE STAR

Wallace (center) in Croatia with Canadian peacekeepers. *Opposite*: our issues of home

## Maclean's

DAVID B. REEDY NEWSPAPERS

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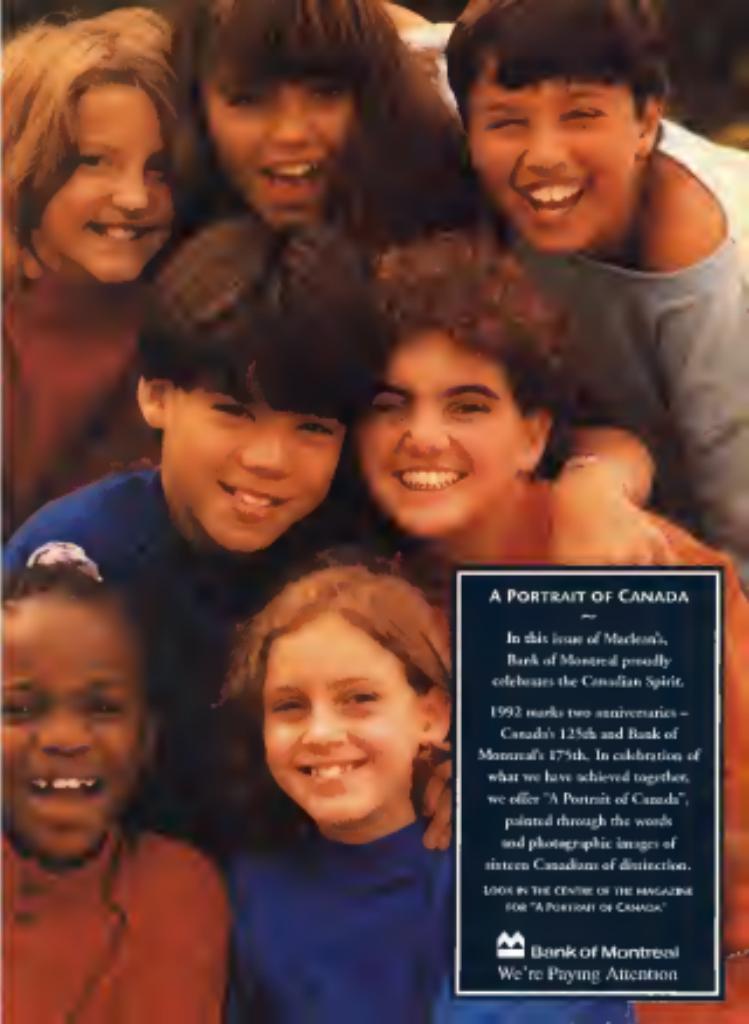
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## A PORTRAIT OF CANADA

In this issue of *Maclean's*,  
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FOR "A PORTRAIT OF CANADA"

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# LETTERS

## Issues of immortality

Few subjects are as gripping and relevant today as that of the world which awaits us after we die. The "near-death" experience, which you examined in your April 20 cover package, "Between life and death," challenges our common assumptions and at the same time offers hope that there are real forms of good that move the lives of ordinary people. Many thanks for considering these life-changing encounters worthy of such high-profile coverage.

David Spanswick  
Edmonton, Alta.



'Near-death' experiences are questions and possibilities about the afterlife

Even if there is "life" after death—purveyors of dogma would have us believe—it would not make more sense for us to consider this knowledge to ease the suffering of life before death? Similarly, the race to space may exceed the imagination, but what about solving the mess we have made here and now on this better-offering organism known as Earth?

Madeline J. Thrane

On reading "Between life and death," I found myself torn between two realities—the obvious truth that such a wide consideration of the near-death phenomenon cannot be a hoax, and an equally strong belief that a disease being will preserve our lives well at all costs. I yearn for scientific proof that an afterlife exists, and I welcome any data that suggest an alternative to the pessimistic momentum of the day. As we choose to shift focus from preoccupation with worldly and within concerns, I believe that the inner reaches of the human mind will be opened to the reality of a spiritual realm.

Phil Schaefer  
Edmonton, Alta.

## The right solution?

While I agree with some of Bertrand Arsel's arguments about the evils and lack of incentives in the socialist system, she is perhaps forgetting which side of the political spectrum is responsible for the current recession that plagues Western industrialized nations? "Leftist" strains blow away by the wind." (Colmen, April 20). Arsel says that "socialism has brought every country that has had it to its economic knees." She should be reminded that it was the conservative ideologues of Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher and Brian Mulroney that worked conservatism and the over-production of industry in the West throughout the 1980s. While conservative right-wingers may be the instigators of the two evils, it is by no means the stigma that Arsel portrays in her column.

Simon Arsel,  
Westmeath, Ont.

## Illogical emotionalism'

Appalled with Michael Richter's coverage in speaking out against the law of secession while living in no man's land in the eye of the storm," Special Report, April 18. The

Legislature of the Yukon has decided that "all Indian lands and property shall be retained in the Crown." The act established the government's administration of the resources, and it still respects their lives in every aspect. For 150 years, the natives of Canada have been

consistently and systematically lied to, deceived and defrauded by our government, which has yet to show why it should be the master of the never-conquered nation.

Dr. Hermann Kretschmer  
Edmonton

cultural history taking place today in Quebec is like a cold war cloaking subtle creation and winning that will be ignited in order to shut it up. One cannot help wonder if the Quebecois' deepest ambitions and reverie history, which are going to last them as much as anyone, are releases with deep roots as old colonial wars the French lost. If so, an enlightened, progressive future will never be possible. Quebec's "I want my cake and eat it too" attitude, evident in their so-called economics of a "la la" Quebec (while still attached to the umbilical cord of Canada), is reminiscent of a famous French woman's philosophy. And I believe those same kinds of French people released Marie Antoinette from her head.

Edwin G. Shadley  
Saskatoon, Sask.

I was shocked that a reputable magazine like *Maclean's* would lend credibility to the likes of Michael Richter by publishing one of his essays. Michael Richter has never designed to burn the language of his native province, his superficialities of the Quebec daily *Le Droit* is comparable with a scathing Quebecer cynically criticizing the Toronto Globe and Mail last year the failed "soft America." Richter remains to a former anglophone-anglophone neighbor of mine who, after living in Quebec City for 25 years surrounded by francophones, could find nothing positive in these to whom she had never even spoken. At such a critical time in Canada's history, Richter could have become a goodwill ambassador and a link to English Canada. It is truly a shame that he missed such a golden opportunity.

Barbara De Calis,  
Ottawa

Letters may be condensed. Please type or print neatly, address and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Send to: Letters to the editor, Maclean's, Suite 1500, 277 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1A7. Or fax (416) 595-7159.

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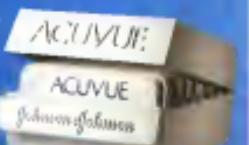
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#### AN AMERICAN VIEW



passed, USA Today had dispatched to its overseas edition, and to the wire service of its parent company, where clients include Cable News Network, "Texas great Arthur Ashe has AIDS . . .," the account began.

Callous disregard, or total indifference?

Here we had another of those modern media disputes that keep pace from summering well past mid-August. Making the matter all the more wrenching is the precious reputation of Arthur Ashe. He was a determined and disciplined athlete who avoided color barriers and became the first Black man to win Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. Ashe joined the struggle for human rights in his own country and emerged as a leading icon of apartheid in South Africa. He was a highly regarded theorist and history of black athletes in the United States. He was generous with his time, gracious when dealing with the public. People love the guy.

Unfortunately, none of that makes any difference.

Obscured by the debate over this, Today's discussion is a fundamental truth about the media as it functions—or as it supposed to function. Central to our notion of an informed media is that reporters and editors are morally custodians of the facts, and must never be permitted's proprietary interest. Journalists gather the news, protect it from corrupting influences, and get it out to the people where it belongs. Then they start over again.

The question is not whether Arthur Ashe is entitled to his privacy, or the sanctity of what was his and, in effect, of course, the fellow has a right to act as he considers his own best interests. But no reporter or editor should feel obligated to assist in the suppression of what Ashe, or anyone else, views as conformist or inappropriate. Good and may seem, the values of a chosen establishment sometimes far exceed the principles of a free press.

Journalism is an imperfect, and its practice notoriously rough, but the objective is clear. Personal interests are secondary to the principles of a free press.

Then there's the question of what's newsworthy. A solo tennis player whose home has been looted and set on fire, and the neighbor who was a friend to the victim, and his dramatic recovery. Does it matter who tells the congregation a priest has gone to the local weekly? If his business goes belly-up will the newspaper want details of it had lack broadcast on the local?

Arthur Ashe says that there was no reason to play the details of his illness from him—that he was not racing for office or seeking public trust. Maclean's names, show up in the morning paper could say the same. Unlike the anonymous folks who occasionally draw media attention, Ashe occupies a place in American history. Now he is afflicted with a disease that, itself, represents one of the country's major developments. Journalists dare not withhold such a considerable entry from the diary of the decade. We can lament the terrible turn of events that threatens the life of so fine a man as Arthur Ashe but we do not banish him—or the Andrei Chechennov he championed—by confining sympathy with self-censorship.

By FRED BRUNING

**D**at this Today play rough with Arthur Ashe?

Inquiries by the colorful national daily prompted Ashe to acknowledge that he has AIDS—and to angrily question the priorities of the news business. USA Today says, "Sorry, a story is a story, no exceptions." The American media establishment, along with the accumulated wisdom of the World Health Federation, remains hopelessly divided.

Some practitioners say that Ashe deserved a break because the former tennis star was more or less a private citizen, and because newspaper readers had no need to know about his disease. Others claim that the media had little choice but to pursue a topic regarding the health of a prominent American. Why? Just because.

Who could fail to understand the anguish of Arthur Ashe and his wife with the media? He had done nothing to bring grief to himself. The disease was real, the subsequent attention unrelenting, public exposure a pain to tolerate. Still, he is the victim of an ordinary weakness of human nature at age 44. Ashe has a perfect right to have his questions. What of us would do anything less?

Tragedy started several years ago, Ashe says when he was infected with HIV by way of a blood transfusion. At the time, screening techniques were inadequate—a shortcoming for which Ashe paid an awful price. Not until he underwent brain surgery in 1988, Ashe says, did he learn he was doomed. Since then he has tried to conduct himself with dignity and manner as a normal as possible—so as to still achieve a measure of respectability for a man slipping toward the brink.

Ashe says that he broke the terrible news to friends and family, but had no inclination of making an all-points alert. "Keeping my AIDS status private enabled me to control my life," Ashe wrote recently in *The Washington Post*. "Going public" with a disease such as AIDS is akin to telling the world in 1960 that you had

Fred Bruning is a writer for *Newsday* in New York.

# How a private citizen lost his privacy rights

*When it became known that Arthur Ashe has AIDS, his personal wishes counted for less than the principle of a free press*



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# When It Was Decreed Thou Shalt Not Covet, This Could Not Have Been Foreseen.



# UNCERTAIN JOURNEY

**I**n the 25 years since Robert Bourassa entered Quebec politics, his public commitment to federalism has wavered and waned. As Liberal leader between 1967 and 1987, Bourassa firmly condemned a pro-sovereignty proposal by René Lévesque, and at the time of the 1980 Quebec referendum on sovereignty-association, Bourassa was one of Lévesque's fiercest opponents. Compromising on church autonomy and high school confederations across the province, he praised Canada as "one of the best countries in the world"—and be challenged separation to none other than. Then, after the March 1980 constitutional accord collapsed in June, 1990, an angry Bourassa vowed to consider all options for the future, including Quebec independence. Now, once again, Bourassa's jobless posturing appears to be shifting. In recent weeks, the 58-year-old Quebec premier has made a series of gestures that have brought new energy and optimism to the previously flagging effort to preserve Canadian unity.

## CANADA'S MOST ENIGMATIC PREMIER BRINGS NEW HOPE TO THE SEARCH FOR NATIONAL UNITY

Bourassa's latest initiatives have been consistent with his well-deserved reputation as the most enigmatic Canadian political leader. His public statements have been delivered in a cautious, measured fashion that seems tailored deliberately to obscure his true intentions. The Quebec premier recently chose an interview with the influential Paris daily *Le Monde* to make public his desire to hold Quebec's planned referendum this fall on the issue of secession, rather than on sovereignty-as-preserved by current legislation. Despite Bourassa's "It's possible to build a dynamic Quebec without destroying Canada" speech, he announced plans for a series of one-on-one meetings next week with the premiers of British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Thus far, Bourassa hasn't announced his most concrete involvement in the constitutional process since the March collapse. But behind any change of his plans could take place, he flew to France for a brief vacation—leaving in his wake fuming conservatives and uncompromising Quebecists. Said Quebec Premier Gary Filmon, referring to Bourassa's planned western trip: "This is the most encouraging sign we have had since June of 1990."

Bourassa's efforts mark both a subtle shift in strategy and an uncharacteristic gamble. Since the death of René Lévesque, his government has bypassed federal-provincial meetings. He has also insisted that Quebec will decide its future only after it is presented with a constitutional proposal from the rest of the country—though many Quebecers assume that it would be wise to accept or reject that stance. Bourassa's most audacious move, however, is his embrace of a proposal that would split Quebec's powers within Canada. That disagreement in all the more significant because Alberta and Quebec have traditionally been allies in their efforts to wrest more powers from Ottawa. As Gary told Peter Taitman last week, "Over the years there has been a bit of support between Alberta and Quebec on many issues."

Bourassa and Gary will enter their talks facing similar internal pressures from their respective parties. Recent opinion polls at Alberta have suggested that the issue of a Quebec's future has a low priority among most of the province's voters. But it is a key issue among a small but influential group of provincial Conservative supporters, including some who will likely support Gary—and, possibly, defect to the federal Reform party—if their concerns are not given prominence.

Now, by offering to meet with other premiers, Bourassa is sending a signal that he is prepared to negotiate Quebec's place in Canada—even at the risk of alienating the nationalists in his party. He planned five-day swing through the west, scheduled to begin on May 4, in contrast to his criticism of Quebec, and not at all certain to produce results.

Perhaps for that reason, Bourassa appears to have been pushing out the date of Canada's June 20 Referendum. Premier Ray Bourassa told Maclean's that Bourassa's representatives regularly asked him to meet Bourassa in Montreal. But Bourassa declined that request, said one aide, because he "simply felt that the effect would have been 'crazier' if it took place in the West." As a result, the two leaders will confer in Regina on May 8. Bourassa also plans to meet B.C. Premier Michael Harcourt in Vancouver on May 4, Alberta Premier Donald Getty in Edmonton on May 5 and Filmon in Winnipeg on May 7.

Despite Filmon's enthusiasm for Bourassa's visit, neither he nor others in either province say that they are expecting any breakthroughs in their discussions. One reason is that there remains significant public opposition throughout the West to the idea of giving Quebec special powers that would not be available to other provinces. As a result, some provincial officials plan to stress the need to build a strategic alliance with Quebec against what they perceive as Ottawa's intent to centralize power at the expense of the provinces. Said Glyn Clark, British Columbia's finance minister and government house leader: "If we seem to be catering to Quebec, it is not helpful. But to the extent we can work with Quebec to have a better sharing of our national government, we would be delighted to do that."

Bourassa's most contentious meeting is likely to be with Getty. They disagree fundamentally about the role of the Senate. In March the Alberta premier asserted that he will reject any constitutional deal that fails to include a so-called Triple E Senate—equal, elected, and effective. For Bourassa such an institution is unacceptable because it would significantly weaken Quebec's power within Canada. That disagreement in all the more significant because Alberta and Quebec have traditionally been allies in their efforts to wrest more powers from Ottawa. As Gary told Peter Taitman last week, "Over the years there has been a bit of support between Alberta and Quebec on many issues."

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**Bourassa: a subtle shift in strategy as well as an uncharacteristic gamble**

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Meanwhile, Bourassa's efforts to reach an

agreement with other premiers have put at risk the already fragile unity of his own party. Premier, some Liberal members said last week, Bourassa's move back towards a more federalist course is based on encouraging information from the federal government with offices from the federal government and other provinces. Said Jean-Pierre Blaize, a strongly federalist Liberal backbencher who represents a Montreal-area rid-

## National Notes

### GUILTY AS CHARGED

The Saskatchewan Court of Queen's Bench sentenced Peter Lucas Loyer, 55, to a day in jail and a \$500 fine for committing assault and obstruction, a sentence sentence to residents of Regina's Boys' Home for troubled youth, which he founded in 1971. Meanwhile, Christian Brother Anne Bergeron, 77, was convicted of sexually abusing three students at St. Joseph's Training School in eastern Ontario. Bergeron is the first of a series of former Christian Brothers to be convicted on sexual assault charges. The incidents at the school began in the 1950s and 1960s. And in St. John's, Newfoundland, inquiry into sex scandal at Mount Cashel orphanage recommended that the province set up a fund to compensate former residents who suffered sexual abuse.

### A HIGH-STAKES GAMBLE

Ontario Premier Bob Rae acknowledged that his cash-strapped NDP government may establish casinos as part of a new "economic-revival strategy." Before he took power in 1990, Rae criticized casinos on grounds that they play on greed.

### AN OPENING APPEAL

Canada's chief human rights commissioner endorsed calls by Native leaders for a separate native justice system. Maxwell Tait told the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples during its first week of public hearings that he believes he's "at the dirty end of the stick when it comes to legal protection." Prime Minister Brian Mulroney set up the inquiry in 1991 to study native issues such as self-government, land claims and education.

### AN OFFER WITH A CATCH

European fishing fleets will reduce their catches of Canada's East Coast if new research shows that fish stocks are threatened. European Community President Jacques Delors and Ottawa's following a meeting with Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

### POLICE TARGETED GAYS

The RCMP kept 400 on as many as 8,000 men in the Ottawa area as part of a massive hunt for homosexuals between 1959 and 1968, according to federal documents obtained by The Canadian Press. The papers show that the former prime minister, John Diefenbaker, expressed concern that the search might violate civil rights, but allowed it to continue. By 1961, more than 100 criminal arrests had assigned or been dismissed for security reasons as a result of the secret investigation.



### Canada Watch

As Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa prepared to meet the West's western premiers, supporters accused him of undermining the province's bargaining position by placing a condition on the constitutional accord that would give Quebecers the right to self-determination and independence for their development.

As Quebec's premier, and then as leader of the Assembly of First Nations, and then as minister of internal affairs, he has sought to amend the constitution to discuss his organization's constitutional demands, including a call for distinct society for native peoples.

**Federal Information Commissioner** John Grace endorsed native efforts to obtain access to sensitive federal files and research on unity issues. A **Federal president and territorial officials**, in particular with representatives of three major native groups, participated in a conference on April 29, 20, 30 to continue negotiations on a constitution of sorts.

### QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"I worry about the perception that we have to be relieved by what Mr. Bourassa said."

**Federal Minister** **Quebec** **David Thorndike**, a long-standing Quebec nationalist after learning about the Quebec premier's remarks expressing support for revised federalism

ing. "It is evident that the climate and the substance of a new deal have transpired." That shift, added Béthélémy, is enough to justify Bourassa's desire to amend Law 150, the 16-month-old legislation that requires the provincial government to hold a referendum on sovereignty by Oct. 26. "It does not seem to me unavoidable," he added, "for a chart of state to adjust the dispositions of a very important statute to changing circumstances."

But not all Liberals share this view. A senior adviser to the premier estimated that about 30 members of the Liberal caucus—which holds 90 of the 125 seats in Quebec's National Assembly—is "anathema in their allegiance to federalism." Of those, and the adviser, "there is a real danger that three to five might walk out" over Bourassa's wish to avoid a referendum on independence. Pro-federalist Liberals are also worried about the reaction of some senior party officials, including Jean Allaire, the Montreal lawyer who produced a report last year calling for the transfer of most federal powers to the provinces.

But the party's largest obstacle may be the party's militancy and strongly uncooperative youth wing, which, in keeping with party rules, is accorded a third of the seats at policy conventions. Youth members were largely responsible for the party's endorsement of the Allaire report, which has been widely denounced and recessed outside the province because of its extreme demands. Last week, Mario Dutil, the president of the Liberal youth, criticized Bourassa's support of a referendum on renewed federation and said that he may oppose

his premier's plan at a party conference later this spring. Declared Dutil, "Our influence within the party is considerable."

Despite those hurdles, the pro-federalist position is clearly gaining strength in Quebec. Senior Liberals and some independent politicians say that if a referendum were held now, 55 per cent of the voters would support a package on renewed federation that was also acceptable to the provincial Liberals. "In the short term, the Liberals' choices are relatively good," says Maurice Poulin, a sociology professor at Montreal's McGill University who has been one of the province's most respected politologists for almost 30 years.

That assessment makes a dramatic change in polls results that prominently indicated strong majority support for sovereignty in the year following the Meille Lake collapse. An

ANTHONY WILSON SMITH with  
GLYN ALLEN in Ottawa, DALE KESLER in  
Regina, JOHN HOBSON in Calgary and  
DONALD MCGILLIVRAY in Winnipeg



Expo 67's Canada pavilion is a explosive country banking on the bright

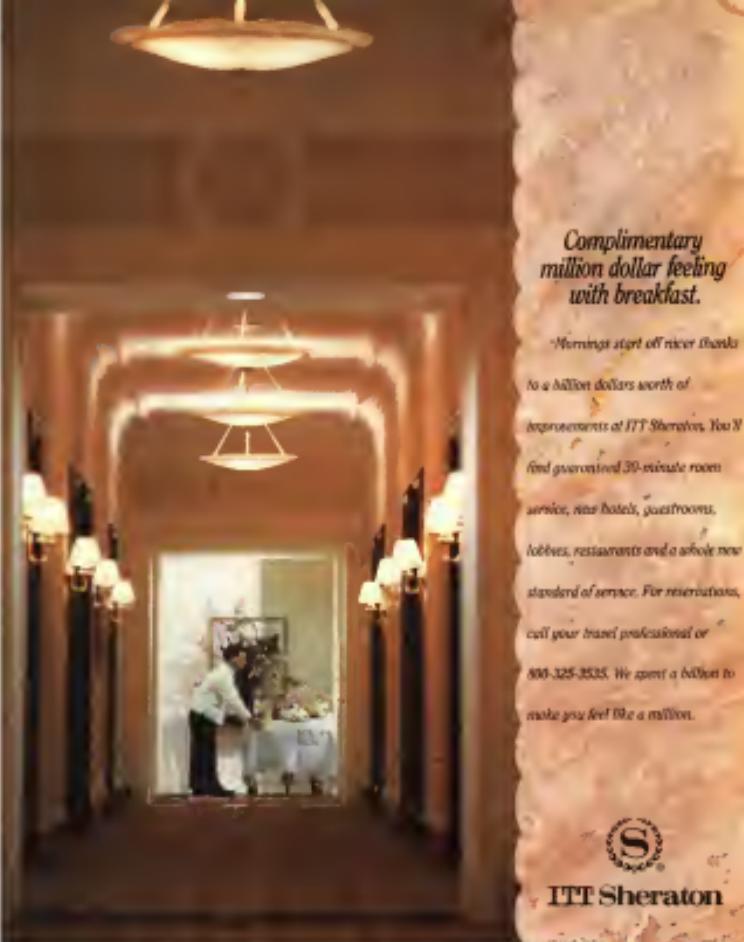
its 25 troubled years, Expo appears to be a model of the then already shifting winds of history. In Quebec, the movement sparked by the province's Quiet Revolution of the early 1960s gave rise to the Parti Québécois, formed in 1968, a year after Expo opened on Oct. 27, 1967. Across Canada, the English-Canadian began to ink.

"What does Quebec want?" The gall was nol, perhaps unanswerable, as Quebec author George Copeau had written in the January 1967 issue of *Maclean's*. Observed Chaptelat, now a Conservative senator: "I have looked in all directions for a common denominator between French and English-Canadians, and I have not found one."

But the heady euphoria of Expo 67, most Canadians ignored that jarring warning. Instead, the country basked in the international bright as host of the \$363-million (\$1.5

billion today) celebration. Full admissions to the site on Montreal's Île Ste-Hélène and Île Notre Dame numbered more than 90 million. For \$7.50 a head, visitors could explore the pavilions sponsored by 113 nations and private exhibitors—among them the U.S. produce dome and Montreal's architect, Moshe Safdie's modular apartment building, Habitat 67. "It was a great Canadian enterprise, as well as a great Quebec enterprise," said Bill Bentley, who in 1967 wrote a daily front-page column on Expo for the *Montreal Gazette*. But, added Dutil, who now runs a Montreal public relations firm, "We just never cashed in on it." As a symbol of Canadian unity, Expo 67 may have been as elusive—but it was a lovely dream. That summer belonged to Canada.

PETER KOPFELLM



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**Northwest Territories' Fox Basin:** a flight revived long-standing bitterness

## A test of will

*A boundary dispute becomes a far larger issue*

**A**s satellite dishes brought a deluge of English-language TV programs to remote Eastern Arctic communities on Baffin Island in the early 1990s, Inuit leaders warned that their young would lose their traditional language. Inuit in School officials responded by spending \$200,000 a year in new native-language textbooks. But on April 1, that program fell victim to spending restrictions imposed by the Northwest Territories government in Yellowknife—some 2,500 km and two time zones away. “Baffinland is so far down that I don’t think they realize the impact of their decisions on the communities,” complains Nellaq Attoosie, supervisor of schools for the Inuit region. “It undermines feels like you’re a second-class citizen in your own land.” The sentence is a reminder to some Inuit leaders, who say only two decades have passed since Ottawa to decide the Northwest Territories’ fate. Two governments, including the 20,000 Inuit who live in the eastern half of the Arctic, govern themselves. Now, a controversial territory-wide plebiscite set for May 4 may determine whether the Inuit finally realize their dream of a separate homeland.

The plebiscite itself is on a proposed political boundary that would divide the predominantly Inuit population of the Eastern and Central Arctic from the Dene, Métis and non-native



who live in the Western Arctic. But the outcome of the boundary vote, which appears to favor Inuit, will also likely determine whether a \$1.1-billion land-claims agreement between the Inuit and federal officials last December survives a separate referendum held later this year.

Already, the May 4 plebiscite has revived long-standing bitterness between the Inuit and the Dene, who inhabit the western arm of the Northwest Territories. Some Dene leaders claim that the proposed boundary would give the Inuit control over traditional Dene lands, and they have accused the federal government

of cynically pitting one native group against another.

At the same time, many non-native residents in the territorial capital of Yellowknife (population 13,000) are concerned about the potential cost of establishing two fully fledged territorial governments to serve a total population of 55,000. Declared Shirley McGrath, outgoing president of the Yellowknife Chamber of Commerce, “Now, when the two biggest issues facing Canada are the economy and national unity, it’s appalling that we should be looking at splitting up our country even more. We’ve got better things to spend our money on.”

The cost of dividing the Northwest Territories into two separate jurisdictions is not of direct concern to Inuit people in the rest of Canada. Nearly 80 per cent of the territorial government’s current \$1.1-billion operating budget is financed by transfer payments from Ottawa. Despite that, federal officials support the principle of division. “It’s not in Inuit’s interest or anyone’s on a political basis to leave Inuit alone, maximize areas that relate to self-determination,” they say. And they warn that if they are denied their self-determination, native peoples of the Eastern Arctic will likely return to *etuvali* the land claim that Ottawa rejected in 1993 as a major breakthrough last December. John Amaqut, an Inuit political adviser to the Tuktoyaktuk First Nation of Nunavut, the organization that spearheaded the first land claim, sums up the impact of a negative vote in the plebiscite in these terms: “Inuit. ‘It would be easier if we had our own government.’ Bad government.”

The proposed eastern territory, to be known as Nunavut (“Our land” in Inuktitut), would represent a unique form of native self-government. Because the Inuit account for about 85 per cent of the voters in the sparsely populated Eastern Arctic, the new government would reflect Inuit priorities on such issues as language, wildlife management and education. To its supporters, Nunavut is the next logical step in the political evolution of the Northwest Territories—a disaggregation that once applied to an even larger swath of Canada before Nunavut, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Yukon were all carved out of it between 1870 and 1905.

Among the strongest advocates of Nunavut is Tim Attoosie, one of those same native leaders in the existing territorial government. Setting in his office in Yellowknife, he says, “I’m a hotel guest, not a citizen of the territorial assembly.” Attoosie speaks of the frustrations that result from being a long-distance politician. Born in a bush camp near Foxe Bay on the northwestern shore of Baffin Island, Attoosie now spends 16 hours, eight of them waiting for connecting flights, to travel by air to his home community from Yellowknife.

As a result, he has visited Pootoqtun only once since the last territorial election in October. “That’s not acceptable to the people who elected me,” he says. Attoosie, a former outift-



**Attoosie:** the frustrations that result from being a long-distance politician

ter who became education minister last November, adds that it is difficult for him to find money for Inuitقد courses in Eastern Arctic schools because of similar demands to support seven other traditional languages in the Western Arctic. “It would be easier if we had our own government.”

The campaign to divide the territories began in 1976, when the Ottawa-based Inuit Tapiriit of Canada first proposed an Inuit homeland. In 1983, parliament, 86 per cent of the territory’s voters supported the principle of division. Four years later, representatives of the Inuit, Dene and Métis agreed that the boundary should be based on their respective lands claimed, which were then under negotiation. But the boundary talks eventually broke down, with Inuit in both the Eastern and Western Arctic fearing that they might lose control over areas where their people had hunted and trapped for centuries. To break the stalemate, the federal government last year proposed the boundary on which northerners will vote on May 4.

The issue of division gained new urgency with the signing last December of the final land-claims agreement. Under that deal, the Inuit were guaranteed \$1.1 billion over 14 years, as well as native-right ownership of about 140,000 square miles of land—all the land of Alberta. Ottawa also promised legislation to divide the Northwest Territories and to

establish the Nunavut government if and when the land claim is ratified by the Inuit in a vote that is now set for November. But in return for these concessions, the Inuit had to renounce their claim to another 840,000 square miles of the whole divide-and-conquer territory.

But the controversy over the proposed land-claims settlement has become the Northwest Territories’ following. Following last December’s announcement of the Inuit land-claims agreement, three Dene bands from northern Saskatchewan filed a statement of claim with the Federal Court of Canada, asking Ottawa to recognize their claim to 4,500 square miles of land situated in the Inuit claim. The three bands, with a total of about 4,500 members, say that their ancestors regularly hunted caribou in what is now the Northwest Territories, and acted as mediators between the Inuit and Inuvialuit. Big Co traders “We totally disagree with the boundary,” says Jim Darmanin, land-claims negotiator for the northern Saskatchewan bands. “We’ve used those lands from time immemorial. But the only way we can get legal recognition is by resorting to the courts.”

There is also growing opposition to the boundary, and to the whole concept of division, in Yellowknife, a city that is home to thousands of territorial and federal civil servants—most of them non-native—and to a number of businesses whose clients depend on government contracts for their livelihood. Both groups fear that division will lead to a loss of jobs and a reduction in federal funding and services for all territorial residents. Their concerns were reinforced by a study commissioned by the territorial government last year which estimated that the start-up costs for Nunavut would range from \$560 million to \$632 million, and that it would cost much as an additional \$125 million each year to run two territorial governments as opposed to one. McGrath, who runs a computer consulting company in Yellowknife, questions how northern taxpayers would respond to those figures. “The rest of Canada should be asked to pay,” says McGrath, who moved to the North from her native Fredericton 10 years ago. “It’s their money that’s going to do the bill.”

For part, Attoosie worries that a strong territorial entity in the once-poor Northwest Arctic could offend the boundary proposal and set back the cause of territorial division for years. But he adds: “We will never stop fighting for it.” Like many other northerners, he is convinced that a political division is inevitable. At a signing ceremony in the

**McGrath:** costly issues



MacKenzie Delta community of Fort McPherson, Indian Affairs Minister Dennis Salkino concluded a land claim that grants 2,000 Gwich'in Indians title to the Northwest Territories and the Yukon title to 9,300 square miles of land as well as \$75 million over 12 years. In return, the Gwich'in agreed to renounce their claim to another 16,500 square miles of traditional lands—40,000 approximately the size of Nova Scotia.

Some Dene leaders charge that the Gwich'in and their settlements are the result of a deliberate federal strategy to pit native groups against each other. Predictive, the one, says that the “extinguishment clause in the land-claims agreements” was “very useful for Ottawa.” He adds: “Of course Ottawa is going to support them. We the whole divide-and-conquer mentality.”

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**BRUCE WERMAN** in Yellowknife



**Kajiwara:** 'This is damn serious. He's calling me a criminal, a fraud or a fool.'

## Milgaard's quest

*He seeks compensation—and personal peace*

**F**orced but not really free—that summed up David Milgaard's first full week of liberty after some 23 years in prison. Venturing outside his mother's Winnipeg home, Milgaard found himself matched by well-wishers, an experience that he subsequently described as "chaotogenic." Later, he bounded a bus to visit friends in Vancouver—cheerfully ignored by more than the constituents of celebrity. In recommending a new trial for Milgaard, who had been serving life sentence at Manitoba's Stony Mountain Institution for the 1969 rape and murder of Saskatoon nursing assistant Gail Miller, the Supreme Court of Canada partially declined to rule on his guilt or innocence. So did Saskatchewan Justice Minister and Attorney General Robert Mitchell, who stayed the proceedings against Milgaard and last week reneged on his earlier refusal to close the case with an inquiry into the issue. That left the 39-year-old Milgaard in a bind, to the dismay of many observers. Declared Donald Lawyer, Barrister, Governor, president of the Canadian Lawyers' Association: "This case deserves to be fully tried."

**Milgaard: anxious  
in the spotlight**



Demands for an inquiry—and for compensation for the years that Milgaard spent in prison after his January, 1970, conviction—have come from across the country. And in a dramatic confrontation with Mitchell at a Regina news conference last week, Milgaard's 38-year-old brother, Jerry, asked: "If your brother and your family had to live with that cloud over them for the rest of their lives, would you not want something to clear the air?" Meanwhile, Herb Wolfe, one of Milgaard's Winnipeg lawyers, sent a letter to Mitchell claiming that there were ample reasons for no inquiry, chief among them the existence of another potential suspect in the Miller murder: convicted serial rapist Larry Fisher, due to be released from prison in August, 1993.

Mitchell, however, remained unmoved by the calls for compensation and an inquiry. Noting that the 1969 and 1970 trials in the same courtroom had been "a waste of time," he declared: "There's nothing left to inquire about." His remarks led some critics to speculate that the provincial NDP government is afraid of uncovering skeletons in its

own closet. At the time of Milgaard's 1971 Supreme Court appeal, the star held power as Saskatchewan's wily now-Premier Ray Bourassa, serving as attorney general. And Serge Kajiwara, a former Crown prosecutor who is now a major oil backboner, counseled in the Crown's appeal case against Milgaard and handled the Crown's successful fight against the appeal—while also holding responsibility for the Fisher case.

Indeed, Wolfe last week accused Mitchell of refusing to establish an inquiry in order to protect his caucus colleague. But an angry Kajiwara—who achieved national fame for the sensational 1984 prosecution of former Saskatchewan cabinet minister Colin Thatcher for murdering his wife—jected any suggestion of impropriety and threatened legal action against Wolfe. "This is damn serious," he told *Maclean's*. "He's calling me a criminal, a fraud or a fool. I don't like the way of the store, although the letter one has been levelled at me before."

Regina, where government ministers say is considered a mecca by cabinet, was particularly dismissive of claims that the government is protecting him. On the contrary, he said, "The government has done the opposite with me."

What that controversy raged, the man at the centre of the storm spent last week in a search of privacy after his high-profile 23-year campaign waged by his mother, Joyce, to free him. Last Wednesday in Winnipeg, Milgaard boarded a bus to Vancouver to visit friends. During a brief stopover in Regina, he walked into a Edmonstone restaurant near the law tribunal, where he ordered a beer. Milgaard paid for the \$3.26 beverage with a \$15 bill, leaving the change for the waitress. To his obvious amazement, she also encroached a cigarette, which sat down next to his. Milgaard refused to take, clearly uncomfortable with the attention lavished upon him, and soon left to reboard his bus.

David Apes, another Winnipeg lawyer who worked to free Milgaard, says that his client will have to come to terms with such invasions of his privacy. "I think he had no idea what it meant to be a public figure," Apes added. "When he was at prison, he would watch himself on television. Now, he has to deal with the public—if a bullet is real to him."

Apes also noted that, to some extent, Milgaard owes his freedom to public support for innocence. Said the lawyer: "I don't think he has any concept of the debt that he owes. He doesn't understand what obligation he has to the people who helped him out of prison." The days following more than half a life behind bars, Milgaard clearly feels an obligation to himself to maintain a powerful presence to pick up the pieces of his life, alone.

**PETER KAVYLLIN** with DALE KRIEGER in  
Regina, KAREN BURKE in Calgary and  
DONALD McGILLIVRAY in Winnipeg

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Canadian peacekeepers on patrol in a Croatian village. 'We are just here to disperse the troops and make the place safe.'

## WORLD/SPECIAL REPORT

# ON THE FIRING LINE

It is the region where the First World War exploded almost 75 years ago and it has again become a battleground for war. The Balkan republics of Yugoslavia are torn by a struggle of civil war that erupted in June and has since claimed an estimated 10,000 lives and threatens to spread beyond the discredited 1919 Adriatic's borders. The fighting between the republics of Slovenia and Croatia declared independence. Serbia, the largest republic and the Adriatic's newest defender, and in armed forces 160,000 Croats in support of the embattled ethnic Serb minority. The spiraling violence shattered the increasingly international United Nations. In early April, following a ceasefire agreement, the United Nations dispatched 14,000 peacekeepers, including 1,200 Canadians, to disperse the con-

### CANADIANS TRY TO KEEP THE PEACE BETWEEN WARRING GROUPS IN THE EXPLOSIVE BALKAN REPUBLICS

**By Bruce Wallace** (Last week, Maclean's foreign editor Bruce Wallace accompanied the Canadians on patrol along Croatia's Adriatic.) **His report**

The men of November's Canadian Forces Pattons, from Bauma, Germany, had patrolled through Croatian countryside that was spellbindingly beautiful. The Canadian's route took them along a single-lane rural road 100 km east of Zagreb, which they call "the Line" because it marks the Croatian army's forward position of defense against the Serb-led Yugoslav People's Army (JNA). In the lead armored personnel carrier (APC), platoon commander Lt. Col. Alan Matheson, trained in Browning 50-caliber machine gun on the fire-swept hills where hidden JNA snipers had a clear view of the road. What had once been a Serbian enclave of semi-

farm land plowed out of the steep hillside was now a wasteland.

The Serbs abandoned their low-lying farmhouses in November to the occupying Croatian soldiers out to the ravages that followed when the job, as one, shelled the buildings. The fighting had gutted every house along the 23-km strip. The roadside was littered with carcasses of dead livestock, mostly sheep and goats, or broken up by mines and rocket at the winning spots, vented.

Wrecks lay in daily as sniper fire from the hills, from Croatian soldiers, were wounded along the Line last week alone. In conversations with Matheson and his men, the Croats expressed concern, because they claimed, over the hills behind them were "full of Chetniks," a term describing nationalist Serbs as guerrilla groups by which the Croats apply broadly, and spatially, to all Serb soldiers. Over the rest of the APC engine, Matheson could drift on the Croats' claim. "I have been here three weeks and I have only seen one Serb soldier behind Croat lines," said the 39-year-old officer from Sydney, N.S. "And he had been dead for at least a month."

Despite the sporadic gunfire and light shelling in the region, there are signs that life goes on back there, continuing the sewage train. In one gutted farmhouse in the village of Kremensko, 30 Croatian soldiers living in primitive conditions told Matheson's soldiers that they had cut their firewood into the nearby

hills for four months. Serbacy was not evident as they proudly showed the Canadian some of their weapons, including a Second World War-vintage German machine gun and four primitive 120-mm mortars shells, which brought wide-eyed stares from Matheson's men.

But as the regulars of their home conditions, the morale of the frontier Croatian soldiers was waning. They were not well prepared for the hideous summer heat, debris of tanks, carcases, torn clothing and several cases of amputees. The stench and the obvious potential for disease threatened to worsen their already squalid living conditions. They slept on dirt beds on the concrete middle floor of a building that had no roof. Their only water came from a single outdoor tap. "If the UN does not help us get our borders back, then we will do it ourselves," said an arthritic and disabled Miroslav Kavcic, a Croatian sergeant who was formerly a truck driver. He added: "But for now, I am ready to go home."

Matheson, As Matheson led his troops back towards their base in Sisak, 26 km to the north, he expressed a mixture of revulsion and sadness at the Croats' plight. "At the moment, it's only hatred that keeps them here," he said. "I'm shocked at the bigness and magnitude and scope of both sides. As a Canadian, I just can't understand a policy of intolerance." Behind him, as the APC lumbered past a cemetery where several Serbian tombstones had been smashed, a wily aged Sgt. Mihalj Spraga, 28, from Porecak, Croatia, tapped Matheson on the shoulder, pointed to the graves and yelled: "Can you imagine how lonely you would have to be someone to do that to these guys?"

It takes little prodding to uncover the hostile emotions that fuel this ethnic war. "I have never met people who knew their family history better, who insist on citing you first after historical fact, and who can tell you exactly every time they got access," said Master Cpl. Rob MacBeath, 29, a member of a consciousness team that was travelling throughout the UN zone going above an easy disposal indeed, the peacekeepers will be severely tested to soothe the emotions of people who, because the war has now passed, are still angry and afraid to talk to their neighbors again, and who dismiss the motives of the international community.

"We need the UN to throw the Serbs out of our country," said Jerry Dibb, 42, one of the first passengers travelling last week on a train between Vukovar and Zagreb. "If the UN does not help, then they will become the enemy."

Despite international condemnation of Serb attacks in neighboring Bosnia-Herzegovina last week, Dibb, an elderly wheelchair user, a long list of countries of birth, reported to the Croats. He claimed that Russia continued to arm the Serbs, that the Germans had struck a deal with Serbia to allow Slovenia to gain its independence without going to war and that the international exchange against arms sales in the region was punishing Croatia alone. "Give us 50 planes and we will take the Serbs," he said. "Only God can stop them."

Making it clear that the peacekeepers are

## World Notes

### AN AFGHANI BREAKTHROUGH

After weeks of wrangling, the April 10 deadline of Afghanistan's hard-line President Mohammad, leader of new and emerging Maytaghans rebels, agreed to a power-sharing plan that will end 14 years of civil war.

### A TIMABLE FOR DEMOCRACY

Under worldwide pressure, Peruvian President Alberto Fujimori announced that he will hold a July plebiscite on his April 5 decision to dissolve the nation's congress and close its courts. A referendum on constitution reform will follow in November, and congressional elections are to be held by February.

### DUKE BOWS OUT

After failing to win a single delegate in U.S. primary elections or caucuses, former Va. Sen. Bob Dole withdrew from the Republican presidential race.

### AID FOR SOMALIA

UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali proposed a UN-wide military mission to provide human relief and help restore law and order at Somalia. An agency estimate that about 4.5 million of the East African country's six million people face starvation.

### A CONTINUING THREAT

Six years after the explosion at the Chernobyl nuclear plant, George Gerasimov, the Ukrainian spokesman responsible for the site, and his team will start a serious risk reduction effort that looks like it could last from the next century to the next century. Some hundreds of thousands of people have been displaced by the radiation.

### BARRY BRYANT'S FREEDOM

Former Washington mayor Marion Barry was released from a federal prison after serving a six-month sentence for cocaine possession. Barry, 56, was arrested in 1990 after a controversial federal drug operation that was allegedly making crack cocaine in a hotel room.

### RISE IN SEXUAL ASSAULTS

A new study by the National Victim Center reported that 683,000 American women are raped each year—more than three times the number of rapes reported by the U.S. Justice Department for 1981.

### TRAGEDY IN MEXICO

A powerful gas explosion at Chihuahua's sewer system rocked Mexico's second-largest city, killing at least 230 people and destroying about 1,300 houses.



Canadian engineers searching through rubble for live ordnance, encountering asbestos, gunpowder and light shelling

not them to restore old borders took up a lot of Capt. Kenneth Chaudier's time and patience during his first three weeks in Croatia. "We tell both sides that it is up to their governments to resolve the borders," said Chaudier. The 34-year-old from Guelph, Ont., is supervising mine clearance for use of four-ton sectors—a daunting task in a country where the Croats have admitted to placing one million mines but have maps showing the location of only 10 per cent of them. "We are not going to be anybody's savior," said Chaudier. "We are just here to discuss the troops and to make the place safe so that people don't get blown up the moment."

But, trying to enhance the credibility of the Serbs and Croats towards the United Nations, was a top priority for the Canadians after their arrival. Soldiers have been instructed to avoid, when possible, carrying their weapons in public. As well, the 46th Canadian Engineer Regiment, based at Lahr, Germany, pitched in with some of their heavy machinery to assist in clearing rubble from a severely damaged hospital in Dubrovnik, the town that contains their headquarters. "It's important to get out to show the flag as much as possible," said Lieut. Doug Ready, 28, a personal platoon commander from St. Marys, Ont., who is sworn to smile while paddling through several small villages north of the coastline like Peasants'opia. Ready and I, offered a chance to apply his training as a real situation.

But the mission carried a personal price. The one-month tour in Croatia forced Ready to postpone his Aug. 3 wedding to Jody Hastings.

Aug. 26 "I raised my sister's wedding and my parents' 25th wedding anniversary because of the Forces, so my family is getting used to it," said Ready as he lounge on top of his APC during a break in the patrol. But he shrugs when asked if peacekeeping was worth postponing his marriage. "If they stop taking each other, I guess so," he said. "But I'm not optimistic about this place after we leave."

As his vehicle wound along the narrow back roads around Dubrovnik, Ready got a firsthand

glimpse into Serb town—a brutal massacre from one neighbor to another that peace did not mean that they could go home.

Like last year's Persian Gulf War, the conflict has left a legacy of tribal hatred and a thirst for vengeance. But the destruction in Kuwait City was largely instrumental. The Iraqis left officials alone and tried to destroy Kuwait City's hotels and other buildings symbolic of the regime's rising class, including palaces and museums. Yugoslavia's civil war, too, has claimed an extraordinary share of symbolic targets, notably churches. But the neighbor-gone-wild syndrome is alive within the town, which left Serbs, Croats, and Muslims crammed under dilapidated roofs and shelling and former neighbors across backyards, seen internally personnel.

Skopje, the capital of Croatia, was shared by Giesen McVein, 24, a corporal from Cobourg, Ont. After a night, and the last one inside in the tent that was home to 30 soldiers in November, Giesen's Six Platou, McVein sat warming his hands over the only Coleman stove to be described while sitting in a deserted Serbian home for the previous day. It was the sight of a dead pit that disturbed him. "On the hill there was a dog shot through the head," said an obviously distraught McVein. "I love dogs, and this little guy was probably sleeping when someone came in. You have to wonder about a place where somebody would shoot a dog for fun."

The others in Six Platou had pets on their minds, as well. The platoon's color is black, and when some soldiers spotted a black pig that day, they wanted to capture it to keep it as a



look at the depth of Croatia's ethnic hatred. While the farms along the front line had suffered damage from artillery fire, the damage to houses north of the front was caused almost exclusively by explosive triggered land mines. When Serbians invaded the buildings, when Serbians invaded their Croat-controlled towns, most of their houses were destroyed by fire and dynamite planted by their neighbors. In Croatian towns, the Canadians passed past tidy houses with neat lawns and tulips in the gardens, standing beside Serb houses that have completely collapsed and burned. That was also the case with Cro-



## What did you do with your family last summer?

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MARINE**

times, during their seventh stop. That sparked a debate between those who wanted a pet and others who suggested eating the pig. Only the advice of an officer, who warned that the pig was probably diseased from feasting on the bodies of other dead livestock, convinced the platoon to drop the proposal.

In fact, health concerns are mounting. In Darvur, several soldiers have found massive traces of feces in the local water supply. But the Canadians have made their own living conditions tolerable: the food is varied and appetizing, and laundry is now getting done, although that has to be shipped 120 km to Bagdad. A lack of laundry is the most pressing problem. "The laundry is in bad shape," said Quinton Gagnon, 21, a LaPrairie, Que., native. "I've had to wash my clothes back to Darvur from a laundry excursion in Zedra last week. I was trying to get a system built so the guys can sit down at least, but I had to go to 20 stores to find all the plumbing parts I need. It would take two years to set up the kind of paradise like the Canadians have in Cyprus."

**Obstacles** Generally, conditions are improving and obstacles are being overcome. Because Yugoslavia was a non-MAPTO country, the Canadians did not have a detailed survey map of the terrain. For the first two weeks, they operated using maps made in 1960. Since then, the department of national defence in Ottawa has been able to print newer maps, giving a more accurate picture of the size of areas and of the layout of roads and bridges.

St. Pierre's in its early days. They carried a 60-mm gun up a steep incline of a narrow hill and built an observation post, which is now home to 40 men. The platoon called their camp "Hill 141" because, said Louis Adam Bursley, the 38-year-old platoon commander from Beauharnois, Ont., "that's what they used to do in Vietnam." Number 141, he said, "was the last house we saw before we turned up the hill." From their vantage point, the platoon can see the 100-plus artillery and rocket sites at the nearby town of Palice, the site of some of the heaviest ceasefire violations to date. And in the silence of clear, cold spring nights, the sounds of the Croatian army retreating in front lines and repositioning troops can be heard and seen through high-tech night-vision equipment.

New living apart from the rest of November Company, and without electricity, Six Platoon has acquired a spirited comradeship. The sol-

diers gleefully insult one another's provincial backgrounds, but say "all very proud to be Canadians," said Pte. Robert Gagnon of Saguenay Falls, Que. The troops argue about one another's musical tastes, and ghetto-blasters playing rock music compete with those playing country. But everybody agrees on their favorite tape: a recording of the April 23 master attack on November Company by the 72s.

**Music** The human spirit during the company's first night in Cyprus. One soldier was recording a message to send home to his wife in St. John's when the attack occurred. On the tape, which Six Platoon played repeatedly and glo-

efully, the greatest danger to the Canadian troops "We have seen every kind of noise, from old staff to state-of-the-art," said Sgt. Michael Foster as he pointed out some of the mines he has pulled from buildings in Camp Folon, near Darvur. Although he handles the dangerous materials, Foster, from Sudbury, Ont., claims to be more afraid of the poisonous snakes that shade the ruined buildings with the enormous collections of mines and unexploded ordnance. Some finds have been surprising: one box of 40-dollar cartridges bore a manufacturer's stamp dating from December, 1944, and was made in the United States.

**Other** soldiers openly worry about the porous nature of guns and loaded弹药 that reflects in Cyprus. "It's like Dodge City," said Steven Flato, 21, of Mississauga, Ontario, the town of St. John's. The Canadian camp is located across from a local bar, where Croatian soldiers come to unwind and often fire a few rounds into the air. It is a fitting expression of abandonment in a country that stills a communist base in Macleod. But the widespread drinking leaves the Canadians nervous. One of the most notorious drinkers is a Croatian army ambulance driver, said Marthas. "We joke that, if you get shot, you have a better chance of surviving the wound than of surviving the ambulance ride to the hospital."

**Moscow** But the local resistance to the Canadian presence has been generally positive. "They don't consider us to be from another world," said Wayne Officer, 21, of St. John's. Gordon, sitting alongside his troop's weapons, Bessie Star, just outside a tent at Camp Folon, Gordon was also involved in demining operations in Iraq after the Gulf War, an assignment that he found more hostile because "if you spoke English and wore a baseball cap, the Iraqis thought you were American."

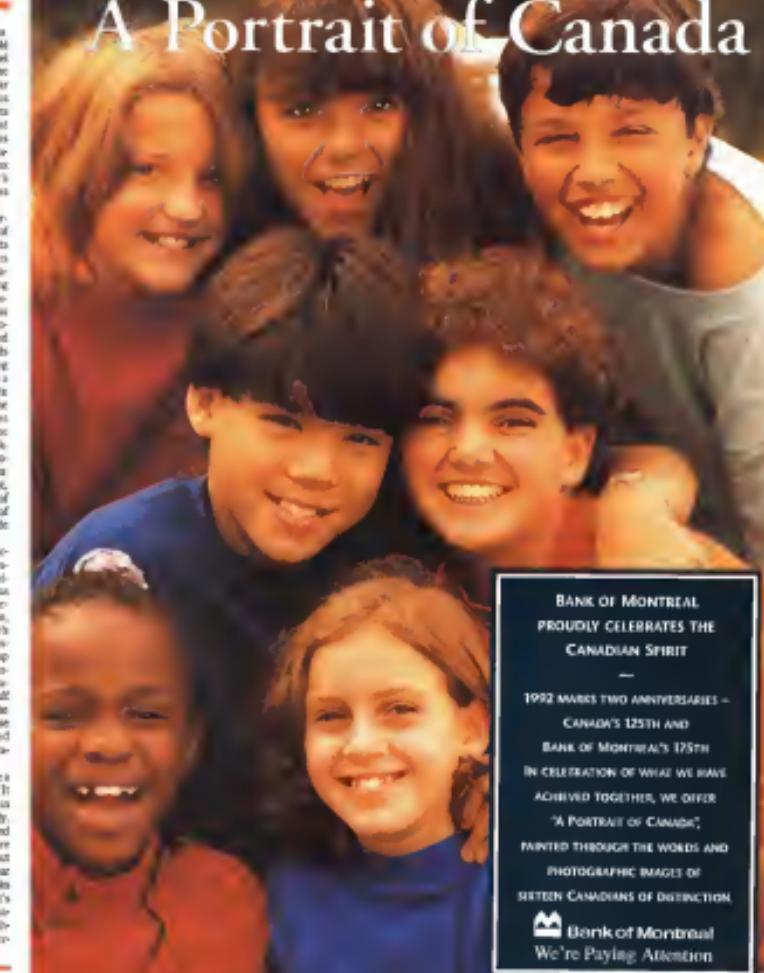
The experience in Croatia has clearly made a deep impression on many Canadian troops. "It is scary to see people who have so much in common killing each other," said Rudy. "Maybe that's the way of the world." And anglophone MacDougall argued that "there are some and lessons for Canada to learn about intolerance." Said MacDougall, "We have our problems at home and I know nobody thinks that that kind of thing can happen in us, but it's a good warning." Just to the south, Bessie Herringraven's descent into the chaos of another dirty war this week showed just how powerful those tribal emotions can be.

Now, it is mines, not artillery fire, that pose



Canadian and Croatian troops with a disabled tank: powerful emotions

# A Portrait of Canada



BANK OF MONTREAL  
PROUDLY CELEBRATES THE  
CANADIAN SPIRIT

1992 MARKS TWO ANNIVERSARIES –

CANADA'S 125TH AND

BANK OF MONTREAL'S 125TH

IN CELEBRATION OF WHAT WE HAVE

ACHIEVED TOGETHER, WE OFFER

"A PORTRAIT OF CANADA",

PAINTED THROUGH THE WORDS AND

PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES OF

100 CANADIANS OF DISTINCTION.



Bank of Montreal

We're Paying Attention

# Our Contributors



**Steve Callaghan** is an award-winning news photojournalist whose work has appeared in publications such as *Time* and *Newsweek*, as well as in books of American and New Zealand history. His books include *The Way Angel Signals Her Wings* and *The Black Queen Anne's*. He has made an endearing contribution as former editor for *A Picture of Canada*.



**David Adams Richards** Minister of the 1998 Government of Newfoundland and Labrador. His name has become synonymous with his name New Newfoundland. He is a inspiring leader for the Young Canadians. While studying at the University of the Virgin Islands, David ran for and lost his election in 1990 and has, Nights & Days in Senate since 1997.



**Ray Gray**, Senior Vice-Chair of Chester Photojournalist, is a native of Newfoundland and Labrador. He is a highly regarded photojournalist. He has won a number of national and international awards, including the inception of a new Model for Humanism in 1977.



**Antonine Maillet** She is an accomplished New Brunswick author. Maillet has won four Quebec and six Ottawa Governor General's Awards for her books. She has won many honours in Quebec and Montreal, where she has lived for 40 years. She won the 1992 Governor General's Award for *David's Dream* and the 1999 Governor General's Award for *Therape* in Quebec.



**Christian McCullough** political cartoonist and author. Christian McCullough was honoured with the 1992 Governor General's Award for his book *It's Not About You*. Christian has written a book for children, *It's Not About You*, which has sold over 100,000 copies in Canada. The book, which sold in 1996, won the Governor General's Award for New Fiction.



**Thomas Hargrave** Native Canadian playwright. Thomas Hargrave was born in his father's newspaper at winter months. His masterpiece *It's a Man's World* represented Canada to PBBT as the Malibou of the 1980s. A native of the Yukon, Thomas has collected a broad collection of short stories. *Yukon and the Kid* and *According to John and the Kid* both won the Skypers' League Award for the Yukon.



**Michael Ariswadra Mahgoub** was born on the west coast of Hudson Bay and grew up in the Arctic Circle. A natural storyteller, in 1990 he began writing books for children. *A Pintail at the Table* was an instant cult classic. *Arctic Fox* and *Arctic Fox* were both short-listed for the Governor General's Award for Children's and Young People's Books.



**Phyllis Webb** former reporter and broadcaster. Phyllis Webb was the 1992 Governor General's Award for her book *The Water, You*. Her publications have included many magazine titles in Victoria, B.C., the Comox Valley, Saltspring Island.



**Jean Drapeau** Born in Hyères, France in 1896 he made a fortune in shipping and financial interests in Canada and became the nation's first millionaire. He built a massive C. Pennington light to capture and retain strong winds. In 1950 he was elected to the Canadian Parliament for the 1958 Summer Olympics.



**Stephen Hayes** *"Child of the Sun"* is the most recent project of the award-winning photojournalist Stephen Hayes a citizen of New Brunswick. His book includes the people of the Sun of Trade in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The book is a mix of historical, political, among other subjects and is a strong publication, among the best in the field. *Almanac: Geographic Traveller and Survivor's Wildlife*



**Greg L'Heureux** As a landscape photographer, Greg L'Heureux has travelled the world. He has given his work to the Royal Canadian Geographical Society and the National Film Board for his book on the Pray of Canada's Landscape.



**Bernard Boote** Born on Prince Edward Island in 1945, Bernard Boote came to photography relatively late. Boote began his film career in 1965 and his book often ends his career. "It was a crap shoot." His award-winning previous books always from an aesthetic point of view exploring new subject matter with an element of surprise.



**Peter Chapman** Born in Montreal, Quebec, Peter Chapman was instrumental in taking the photographic world by storm. Canadian born and raised in the United States, Peter has won numerous awards including the *Gold Leaf Award* for the Columbia Queen Elizabeth. Many awards in the arts are won by Peter Chapman in the United States and in Canada.



**David Strelak** The 1992 Governor General's Award for a photographic and a heretofore unique art form, *Portrait of Canada*, a long list of distinguished artists, he also works in painting, print making, and mixed media. He is a representative of public collections across Canada.



**Bruce Miller** A native of Manitoba, Bruce Miller (1947-1995) had a profound influence on the Canadian photographic scene for the 1980s. He has emerged from a career of Canadian photography for *Esquire* magazine and has worked for other publications including *National Geographic*, *GED International*, *WSJ.M* and *Canadian Geographic*.



**Richard Powers** The author, environmentalist, the founder of the science, the search and honour of the people, these were the focus of his award and have honored Richard Powers to the Yukon for 19 years. His photos of the north have appeared in publications worldwide and have been used extensively in advertising for the Yukon and Yukon tourism.



**Alison Norrington** began taking pictures as a boy with an old Brownie camera. He studied under Jim Leonard in New York before returning to his home. His career seems to begin with his work with the *Commissioners*, *Arts, Crafts, Photographic Workshops* and *Photographer's Photo*.

# Message from Bank of Montreal

1992 marks the 125th Anniversary of Canada's Confederation. Few people anywhere have more to celebrate than we do — in material things, and even more, in the intangible blessings of peace, tolerance and freedom. But Canada has not been in a celebratory mood of late. Economic conditions are difficult and the future clouded. Our constraint has tended to divide rather than unite us. We have become less sure of the way ahead.

Too often our relationships are characterized by suspicion, selfishness and resentment. Despite advanced communications and a rich fund of shared experience, we seem not to know our country, nor what we have achieved together. Still more, we do not know each other.

Canada is easy to find on a map, yet in many ways it is still an undiscovered country. Have the barriers of culture, language and geography finally defeated us? We doubt that, but they undeniably remain a challenge. Because 1992 is also an anniversary for Bank of Montreal — our 125th, which makes us Canada's first bank — we decided to celebrate by taking up that challenge.

Like all public companies we publish an annual report each year. Normally it simply tells our shareholders and the public how the Bank has performed in financial terms. But this year we wondered if our Report, which goes to more than 90,000 shareholders living in all parts of the country, could somehow be used to leap over the barriers between Canadians. It was certainly worth a try. So that end, we asked eight writers of standing, themselves broadly representative of the diversity of Canadian, to open windows on their individual Canadas. The eight pieces are superb examples of the writer's art, but they are more. Their highly personal, often unique insights, together with the outstanding work of our photographers, resulted in a composite "Portrait of Canada" which we were proud to send to our shareholders.

Our shareholders liked it so much that they and others have felt it should have a wider public. We are happy to act on that suggestion. We want as many people as possible to know the authentic, deeply felt emotion that binds Canadians to a particular place. Sharing and understanding that emotion can also bind us together as a nation. We are doing it, too, because 125 years is long enough to know that Canada has worked. This is not a perfect country. But, in the broadest view, Canada is one of the best places on earth to live and grow. It will be good to our children too, if we care enough to know Canada better. Whether you study these pages in the classroom or the home, we hope it will make Canada a living reality for you, something truly worth preserving.

**Matthew W. Barrett**  
Chairman and C.E.O.



# Northern New Brunswicks A Personal Perspective

DAVID ADAMS RICHARDS

**O**ur legends come from living in a land that contains so much power. We're too young for stories about genies found in a bottle. Ours have human blood. Animals known to us by touch. And water that we've seen.

Our bay is blue-green and I'm often reminded of my early years when I smell tar. For there was tar on all our wharfs. Our bay, calm as pond water, can turn as cold and as vicious as any place I can think of.

We used to swim off the wharf and watch the fishermen when they still drifted for salmon. The fishermen's trucks had old jacks and boots in them, or eggs to cap the gas tank. Some had dingy balls and magnetic crosses against the window, black and white pictures of their wives and children stuck in the dash. Beer bottles left in the back of a truck from the church picnic two weeks before, and also the smell of nets and traps.

When they drifted for salmon they were gone all night, their nets out behind them, setting a course between P.E.I. and northern N.B. — and when I was a boy, none of them had radios, or radar. It was unheard of to be able to contact the shore.

As far as the rest of the world was concerned they were alone. The shore itself, if it could be seen, was a tiny spot on the horizon.

In good weather or bad, most of them fished. Or worse, did not always know really bad weather was coming.

It might be observed that no one thinks of fishermen dying until they do. Strange. It's as if they went to an office in the morning. And they would always be home.

Thirty-five didn't make it home one night. They were given no warning. I was seven years old at the time and the storm has been assuaged into my thoughts.

Boats, riding fifty feet in the air, would descend before the next wave and scrape the bottom of the bay.

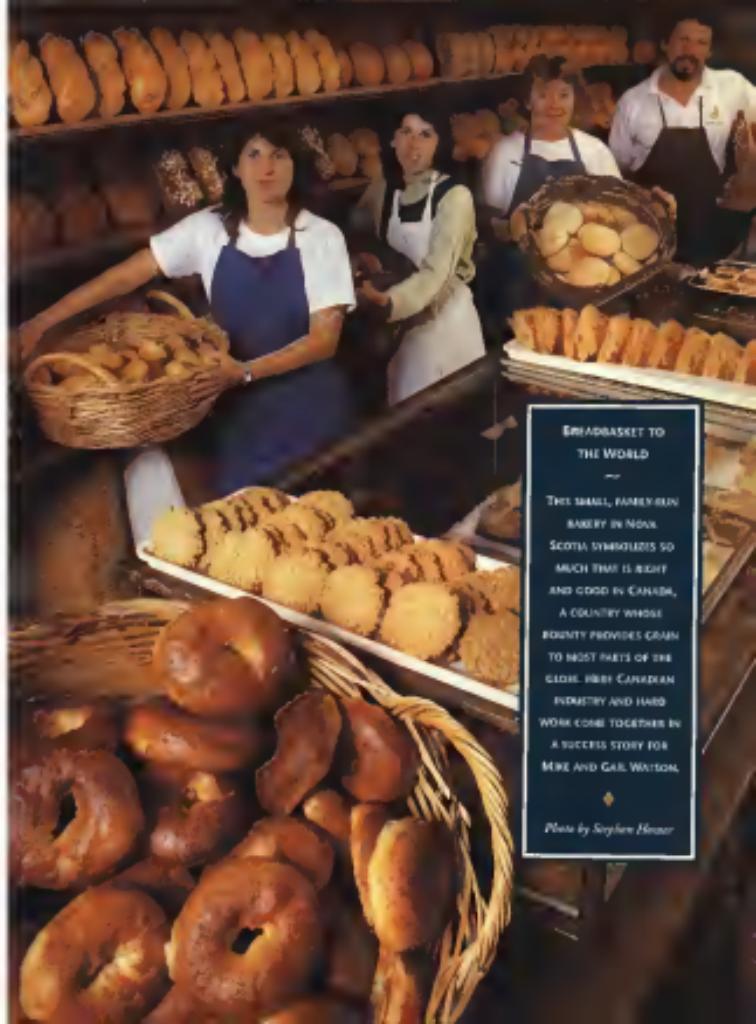
Men thrown into the water, having been tossed lifelines, handed them to their brothers or cousins. A man need his son to the mist, and then before he could tie himself, was swept overboard and disappeared. Boats, and one must realize how small a twenty-six-foot drifter can be in waves eighty feet high, refused to seek safety while others were in trouble, and time after time threw lifelines, and circled and kept watch, themselves battered and crippled and breaking up.

And so until the end.

Of course these men have a genius for deflating their own heroes. They can do it by looking away from you across a table. So one must not intrude upon their thought. Our legends are, as in every responsible nation, our own. We have breathed them into our blood.

They are physical presences in a room.

We meet them on the train.



## BREADBASKET TO THE WORLD

THIS SMALL, FAMILY-RUN BAKERY IN NOVA SCOTIA SYMBOLIZES SO MUCH THAT IS RIGHT AND GOOD IN CANADA, A COUNTRY WHOSE RICHNESS PROVIDES GRAIN TO MOST PARTS OF THE GLOBE. HERE CANADIAN INDUSTRY AND HARD WORK COME TOGETHER IN A SUCCESS STORY FOR MIKE AND GAIL WATSON.

Photo by Stephen Eberle



### LURE OF THE SEA

IT WAS FISHING THAT BROUGHT THE FIRST EXPLORERS TO NORTH AMERICA ALMOST A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. TODAY, THE TOWN OF PETTY HARBOUR HAS FORMED A CO-OPERATIVE TO CREATE A STRONG FUTURE FOR THIS ANCIENT INDUSTRY. USING THE MOST MODERN METHODS, THE TOWN CONTROLS FISHING RIGHTS AND MARKETS TO SOME OF THE WORLD'S LEADING FOOD PURVYORS.

Photo by Greg Lusk

## A Christopher Pratt, with High Winds

RAY GUY

**I**t was even worse when the gale stopped dead to back away and gather puff and smash the house from a different side. Then, the big people edged further away from the kitchen window. Grizzly rocked a little faster, knur more brawly, and her sandless hammering broke our iron sheet bits of Jesus being the rock in a weary land.

Then it would come again. Slamming, soaring, shrieking like whistles calling the hounds of hell. Windowpanes vibrated, the roof heaved, walls bowed inward half a foot. It was by far the loudest thing, then, much louder than the church bell, than the iron thumping of the boat engine, than even the Windbound Express, all strain and squeak at the station three miles away.

When I was seven I began to be afraid because by then I knew what a house was. It was a white wooden cube, crayon-simple, four rooms up, four down. It was a chopped spruce frame with clapboards to the outside and rough boards in and, between them, sawdust and dried oil grass for quilting. A house set on flat rocks as big as cabbage barrels at each corner.

When the gale backed off to strike again even harder, the house would stand no longer but would explode into cracked boards and shreds of tarpaper, sail in great pieces, people and all, off the fifty-foot cliff and into a cold ocean smashed by the gale into a white stinging mist.

And in the morning, there the house would be among that usual slew of uprooted outhouses and lobster shacks and broken dories, churning against the cobblestone beach. But why did the big people seem quiet? Why did Grizzly knit faster and sing bits of her wind songs, most of which had rocks in them?

On Christ the solid rock she stood, all other ground was sinking sand. And when the wind backed off again, sucking the air with it, making the kerosene lamps flicker and the woodstove to snore smoko, why did my knee shake, why did my mouth taste like a big copper with the old King's head on it? We waited in the suffocating calm.

Grizzly bent down to the stool where I was with her wide bosom and marinating rheumatics and she said: "Heck, now. Heck to me." I harked to her and she named her aches and pains slowly again and with a knitting needle hooked up a flap of iron wallpaper next to her rocker. There were many layers — more wallpaper, painted canvas, oiled cloth, stained cardboard — to the last page of newspaper glued to the igniter board itself, brown as tea. And she jabbed at some tiny figure she must have known before and said: "Tell me this number. Tell that number to me now."

"Sept. —, remember," I said. "Two, nought. Eighteen and seventy three."

It had stood and would stand but how I still don't know.



# An Acadienne in Montréal

ANTONINE MARLET

**T**he other day I overheard a curious conversation between myself and my double, or if you prefer, between my two selves, author and character, each desperately trying to define her *raison d'être*, her sense of belonging. Despite the fact that we are both, in Acadie or Montréal, as much in our element as fish in water, a big fish on the East Coast, a little fish in Montréal, but glad to be swimming there too.

"So why did you ever leave if you were so happy back there among your dunes?" the one asks. And the other answers: "But I didn't leave. All I did was transplant myself, lock, stock and barrel, to the heart of this North American metropolis of French culture. I live in

Montréal, yet I live on Acadie."

"You live off it?"

"No, I live on its roots that strike down into pre-Champlain France, on its three-centuries-old memories, on its colours, smells, accents and words that have nourished my soul for half my life. I live on the nostalgia for a lost paradise, as we all do ever since Adams and Eve bit into the apple."

"But, isn't Québec, this adopted country of yours, a land of memories, French words and lost paradise, too?"

"Like Acadie, Québec is a hinge between the Old World and the New, by its culture, its language, its lifestyle, the whole lot and caboodle."

"I know, I know. Everyone knows that Québec is different. Acadie likewise. And the same goes for every other group of French Canadians *à moins que ce ne soit*. But in that case English Canadians are distinct too by their language, Chinese by their culture, or Native people by their traditions."

"The whole country belongs to everyone, and every culture that has sunk roots here has enriched it with a new and irreplaceable vision."

"So?"

"So I continue to cultivate my cabbages and flowers in my own garden, even though it's no bigger or more fertile than my next-door neighbour's. And if I had to leave Québec as I left Acadie, I would still take with me its smells, its words, and an experience of thirty years in this French cultural metropolis where living means so much more than just earning a living."

"Really? And what's it like to live in Montréal, then?"

"As if the whole world was to be made over again, as if the earth hadn't yet completed its first trip round the sun, as if every one of its citizens had the right to dream its future and believe that one day life would begin to look like that dream."

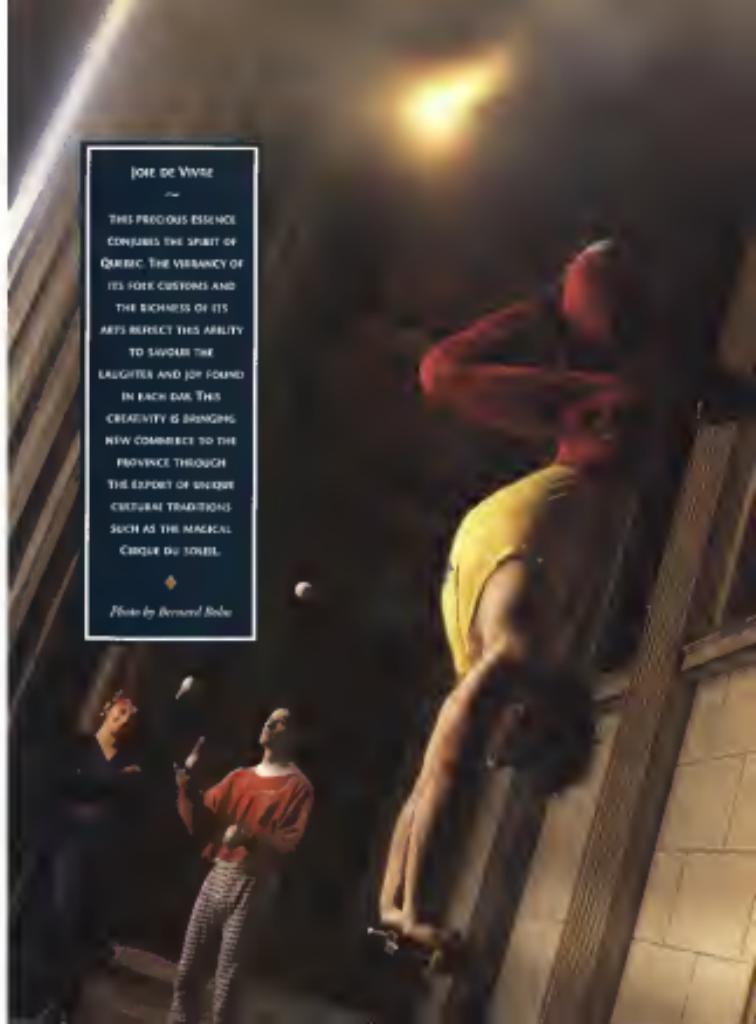
"If I remember rightly, you used to dream the same dream back in Acadie."

"That's just proof that I am the daughter of a vast continent, and that the whole country belongs to me!"

JOIE DE VIVRE

—  
THIS PRECIOUS ESSENCE  
CONJURES THE SPIRIT OF  
QUEBEC. THE VIBRANCY OF  
ITS FOLK CUSTOMS AND  
THE RICHNESS OF ITS  
ARTS BEGET THIS ABILITY  
TO SAVOUR THE  
LAUGHTER AND JOY FOUND  
IN EACH DAY. THIS  
CREATIVITY IS BRINGING  
NEW COMMERCE TO THE  
PROVINCE THROUGH  
THE EXPORT OF UNIQUE  
CULTURAL TRADITIONS  
SUCH AS THE MAGICAL  
CIRQUE DU SOLEIL.

Photo by Bernard Belot



WINDOWS ON  
THE WORLD  
—  
TORONTO, HOME  
TO LEADERS IN AERONAUTICS  
AND STATE-OF-THE-ART  
TELECOMMUNICATIONS,  
HIS BEEN CALLED THE  
CITY OF THE TWENTY-FIRST  
CENTURY NOWHERE  
IS THIS MORE EVIDENT  
THAN IN THE INNOVATION  
OF ITS INDUSTRY  
AND TECHNOLOGY.  
THE BREAKTHROUGH  
MAX FILM SYSTEM  
IS DAZZLING AUDIENCES  
AROUND THE WORLD.

*Photo by Peter Christopher*

## Ontario on My Mind

CHRISTINA MCCALL

**M**y mother's grandfather came to Ontario in 1850 and set up a sawmill in the bush. My father arrived forty years later, filed what he saw and stayed. And I was born, educated, published and praised here, and have resolutely remained, no matter how powerful the siren songs of London and New York.

For most of the time, I never thought of myself as an Ontarian. It seemed like a scuppy concept, an oddly awkward word. In my mind, I was always a Canadian. And however hard my fellow citizens in the more self-aware regions tried to dislodge me of the notion, I resisted with true patriotic love. When I went to Nova Scotia to write about a mine disaster, and met with whispered headlines against "dick Upper Canadians like her," I forbore. When I had the time on my car with the Ontario license plates slashed in Montreal, I agreed grudgingly when my rescuer, a grizzled mechanic, remarked, "*C'est ça qu'il faut faire trop jeunes pour comprendre que nous sommes tous Canadiens!*" And when I was invited to an Alberta ranch in the middle of an OPEC cruise and greeted with the great cliché, "Well, I hope you eastern bastards are freezing in the dark," I laughed, glad that the Albertans, as well as the Arabs, were warming richer by the hour. They were Canadians, after all, and what was good for them was good for the country, indivisible from sea to sea.

It's only now in the '90s, when Canada's been falling apart, that I've begun to realize that those weren't isolated insults. They were expressions of rage at the country I came from and they've forced me to look with fresh eyes at the role my province has played in what we thought was a nation-state. But even now when I've begun to sort through Ontario's history, its shortcomings, and its gifts, I still think it's a great good place. I'm proud of its past prosperity and its willingness to share it. (For nearly fifty years transfer payments have been made without complaint.) I'm proud of its writers and thinkers — of Colligan, Davies, Ricci and Frye, of Munro, MacDonald, Atwood and Aviara. I love its landscapes from the flatlands of the southwest to the bleaklands of the north and the rock-and-lake lands of the eastern counties. And I even love Toronto, the jewel in its tarnished crown, a city that — despite the self-engrossment of its peering, interlocking cities — has managed to absorb in my lifetime hundreds upon thousands of immigrants of astonishing diversity and tried to meet their disparate needs.

In fact, when next I go out into the other regional realities and am accused as an alien invader, I'll respond in a different way: "Yeah, I'm glad to belong to Ontario," I'll say. "But I hope you won't find me an archetypal Aztec when I tell you I still wish that Canada could belong to me."



# What a Certain Visionary Once Said

TOMSON HIGHWAY

**A**s you travel north from Winnipeg, the flatness of the prairie begins to give way. And the northern forests begin to take over, forests of spruce and pine and poplar and birch. The northern rivers and northern rapids, the waterfalls, the eskers, the northern lakes — thousands of them — with their immemorial islands encircled by golden-sand beaches and flat limestone surfaces that slide gracefully into water. As you travel further north, the trees themselves begin to diminish in height and size. And get smaller until, finally, you track the barren lands. It is from these reaches that herds of caribou in the thousands come thundering down each winter. It is here that you find trout and pickerel and pike and whitefish in profusion. If you're here in August, your eyes will be glued with a sudden explosion of colour seldom seen in any southern Canadian landscape: fields of wild raspberries, cloudberries, blueberries, cranberries, stands of wild flowers you never believed such remote northern terrain was capable of surmounting. And the water is still so clean you can dip your hand over the side of your canoe and you can drink it. In winter, you can eat the snow, without fear. In both winter and summer, you can breathe, this is your land, your home.

Here, you can begin to remember that you are a human being. And if you take the time to listen — really listen — you can begin to hear the earth breathe. And whisper things simple men, who never suspected they were mad, can hear. Madmen who speak Cree, for one, can in fact understand the language this land speaks, in certain circles. Which would make madmen who speak Cree a privileged lot.

Then you seat yourself down on a carpet of reindeer moss and you watch the movements of the sky, filled with stars and galaxies of stars by night, streaked by endlessly shifting cloud formations by day. You watch the movements of the lake which, within one hour, can change from a surface of glass to one of waves so massive, their fury they can — and have — killed many a man. And you begin to understand that men and women can, within maybe not one hour but one day, change from a mood of reflective serenity and self-control to one of depression and despair so deep they can — and have — killed many a man.

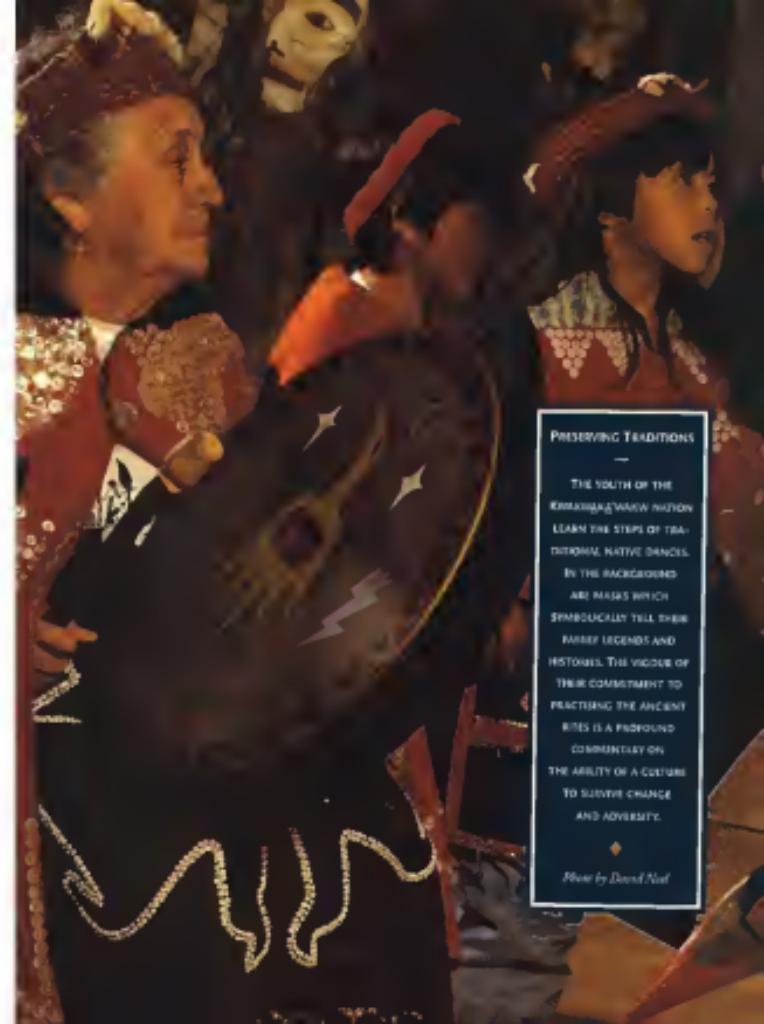
You begin to understand that this earth we live on — once thought insentate, inanimate, dead by scientists, theologists and such — has an emotional, psychological and spiritual life every bit as complex as that of the most complex, sensitive and intelligent of individuals.

And it's ours. Or is it?

A certain ancient aboriginal visionary of this country once said: "We have not inherited this land, we have merely borrowed it from our children."

If that's the case, what a loan!

Eh?

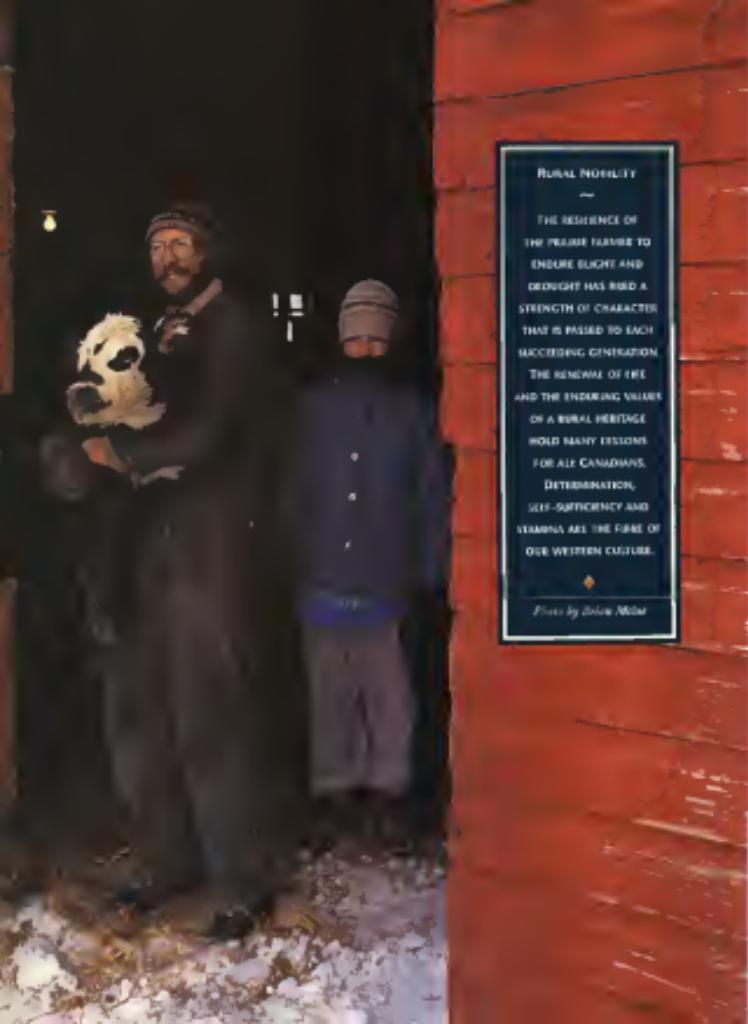


## PRESERVING TRADITIONS

—  
THE YOUTH OF THE  
KINNAWA-DAKWAW NATION  
LEARN THE STEPS OF TRADITIONAL NATIVE DANCES.

IN THE BACKGROUND  
ARE MASKS WHICH  
SYMBOLICALLY TELL THEIR  
FAMILY LEGENDS AND  
HISTORIES. THE VIGOR OF  
THEIR COMMITMENT TO  
PRACTICING THE ANCIENT  
RITES IS A PROFOUND  
COMMENTARY ON  
THE ABILITY OF A CULTURE  
TO SURVIVE CHANGE  
AND ADVERSITY.

Photo by David Neel



## What Thou Art Not

W.O. MITCHELL

In the past few years, with all the political discourse about distinct societies within our Canadian family, I have tried through recall to understand what constitutes a distinct society, but what constitutes this distinct Canadian. Ironically, it is not my prairie childhood but the years from the age of thirteen to eighteen that I lived outside the land of my birth, which firmly defined me Canadian.

Many of my readers confuse me with my fictional character from *Crocus*, Saskatchewan Jake Trumper. But Jake Trumper, because of a tabernacular wince, spent no time on the Gulf of Mexico. Unlike him, for six years I never felt the chill of a Northern winter. To my best knowledge, neither Jake nor the Kid ever got stung just above the belly button by a scorpion.

Each school mid-morning, when we had chapel break at St. Petersburg High to hear how the St. Pete Green Devils football team would whip Orlando or Plant City or Lakeland High, we also paraded the American oath of allegiance. THEY DID. I did not. I stood with them for their national anthem, but I did not hold my right hand over the spot where I thought my heart might be, nor did I use the same lyrics as the others did. They had stolen the name of my national anthem and I had every right to sing the words to GOD SAVE THE KING while they sang MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

As well, I explained to them that the last letter in the alphabet was not "ZEE" but "ZED" as pronounced by our British ancestors, who had invented the English language in the first place. They accused me of saying "eh" instead of "hah" and claimed they had won the War of 1812, and would not believe me when I told them WE had. Actually it was probably a draw.

Understanding what I am as a Canadian by what I am not, came on for me when at nineteen I shipped out on a Greek freighter. On my backpack I painted with red lead: CANADA. I did this on the advice of the Newfoundland quartermaster, Slim, who explained that with the American discovery of Europe after the First Great War and the tourist invasion, Canadians were much more welcome. We still are. Welcome because of what we are not. We are not a boorish or chauvinistic nation, proclaiming at every opportunity that we are the best. We don't have to because we know we are the best.

In making this observation, I am plagiarising the woman who has been able to stand living with me for forty-nine years. She lived in a suburb of Boston from the age of three to eighteen and agrees with me that William Shakespeare was dead on — or would have been — if one of his characters had said: "Know what thou art not, and it follows at night the day thou wlt then truly know thyself."



# A Funeral in Winnipeg

MICHAEL KUSUGAK

A

*Amusing people will never starve  
They get caribou, seals too  
Amusing people will never starve*

I was singing, I always sing.

We walked across the low, hummocky terrain on the west coast of the Hudson Bay. Actually, old Nilaalaaq walked. Kaluk and I would walk a while and then run to catch up. Old people were such strong walkers. Nilaalaaq carried his sleeping bag and his rifle. Our pack dog carried our blankets, tent and kettle. We scrambled up the hill where Nilaalaaq was smoking his pipe.

In autumn the country is bathed in browns, reds and yellows. The sandhill cranes cry out "Kum, Kum," and their call can be heard for miles, unobstructed. "Keep your eyes open for caribou," Nilaalaaq told us.

The next afternoon we tied our dog to a rock and strolled two caribou by a lake. When I went to retrieve the dog, the wretched thing was nowhere to be found.

Kaluk and I slept under our caribou skins that night and, early the next morning, we started back. Nilaalaaq carried almost a whole caribou on his back and he walked in the same determined pace. It occurred to me that, in his youth, he would have had starving people at home he needed to track.

In the early afternoon it began to rain and Kaluk and I were soon soaked and resigned to our fate. Nilaalaaq said: "Pick some of this stuff," pointing to some shiny green scrub. Reluctantly, we picked the wet prickly plants and, soon, he had a roaring fire going. That man never ceased to amaze me. He took his enamelled cup, filled it with water and balanced it over the fire. He produced a small packet of sugar and seized some of it into the hot water. He gave us the cup. It is one drink I shall never forget. It warmed our bodies, lifted our spirits and gave us strength. It was truly magic. I don't remember it raining after that.

*Gosq and her family*

*Are eating an narraarav, narraarav fish*

I remember singing

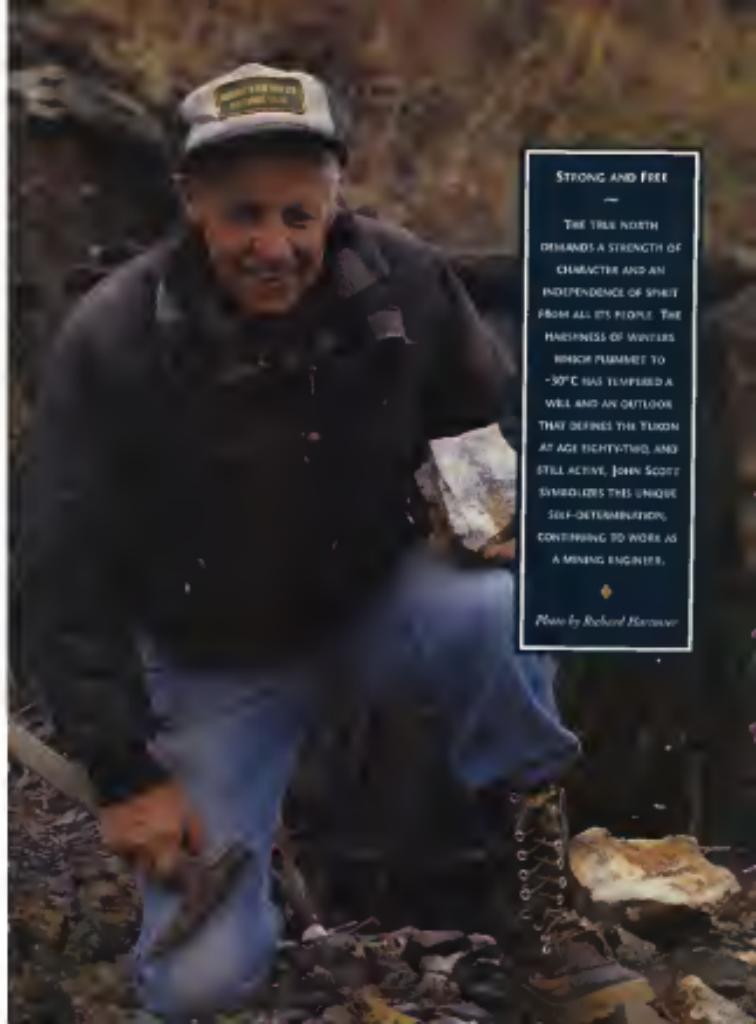
That fall, I went south to school. When I returned, Nilaalaaq was not there. He had got sick and had been sent away. No one knew where. He had just gone away. Last year, almost thirty years later, we found him in a small cemetery in Winnipeg.

One day we must have a proper funeral service for Nilaalaaq. I will tell this story. His new country-folk should know something about him. When they happen upon his grave they can say: "And here lies Nilaalaaq. He was a good man." We will leave a pouch of pipe tobacco for him and say: "Please feel free to share it with him. And when it's gone please fill it up again. He has been too long without it."

*Who will marry the man with only our ribs*

*He catches seals and caribou*

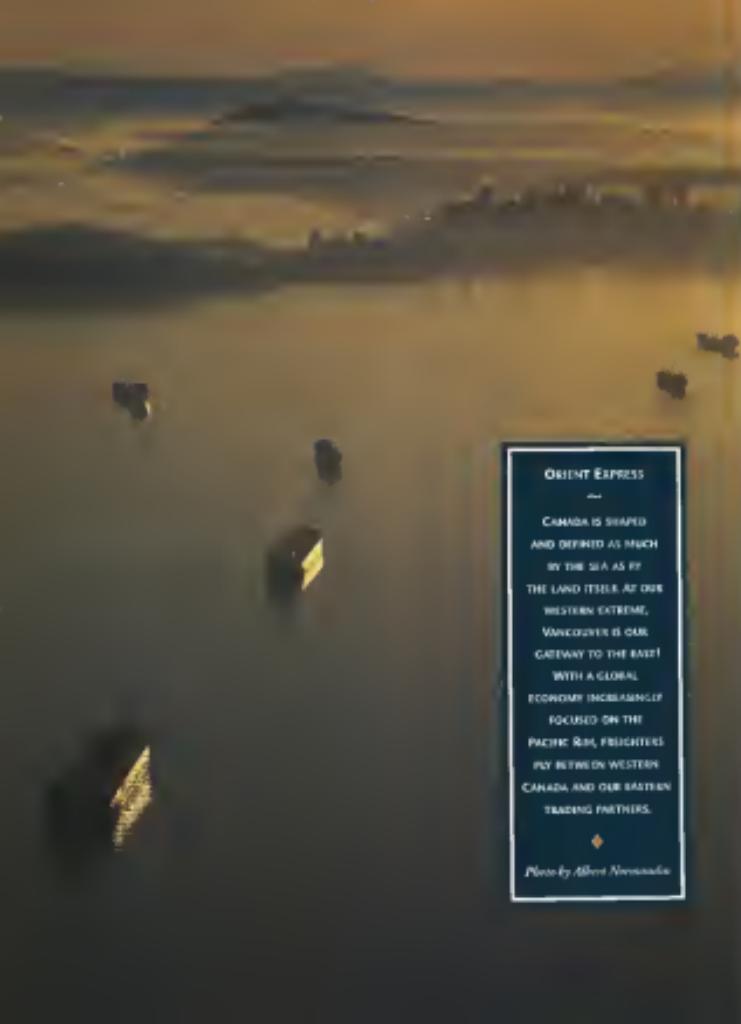
*Who will marry the man with our ribs*



STRONG AND FREE

—  
THE TRUE NORTH  
DEMANDS A STRENGTH OF  
CHARACTER AND AN  
INDEPENDENCE OF SPIRIT  
FROM ALL ITS PEOPLE. THE  
HARSHNESS OF WINTERS  
WHICH PUMMELED TO  
-50°C HAS TEMPERED A  
WILL AND AN OUTDOOR  
THAT DEFINES THE TURON  
AT AGE EIGHTY-TWO, AND  
STILL ACTIVE, JOHN SCOTT  
SYMBOLIZES THIS UNIQUE  
SELF-DETERMINATION,  
CONTINUING TO WORK AS  
A MINING ENGINEER.

Photo by Richard Hartman



## And Things Get Stranger Every Day

PHYLIS WEBB

**V**ancouver Island is weighing anchor, heading for the South Pacific. At the corner of Government and Belleville streets in Victoria the carillon chimes out "Goodbye Canada, Goodbye." The great island makes a stately flagship, a fleet of smaller Gulf Islands following in its wake. Passengers and crew are in a holiday mood. Politicians lounge in deck chairs sipping fruit juice. Civil servants head "up island" for Long Beach as members of the Nootka tribe race south in libeccio winds in the Royal Provincial Museum. Buoys in Butchart Gardens stuff the sea air and strike up shipboard romances. On Little Saanich Mountain, concereted with higher things, astronomers at the Astrophysical Observatory shift their sights for new supernovae. But Oak Bay golfers are dismayed, far among spoumen, as Irving Layton has said, "they are the metaphysicians I resent, unrelatable, pursuing Unity."

It's a charming fantasy for a west coast rainy day I had it often during the Meech Lake debate, and here we go again, flags flying. But this is no ordinary South Pacific cruise. As we glide by Fiji, hot and prickly in our winter clothes, the rain comes as even deeper shock than usual, some of us begin to long for home.

Far famous abroad. The PM placed a call. He's finally noticed. He hasn't. He has *The Globe and Mail* is going tabloid. Denied. Affirmed. Quebec wants to know if we're speaking French yet. Anything but — Caribbean, Japanese, Vietnamese, American. The Four Seasons Hotel in Vancouver is being run down to make way for a new legislature to replace Victoria's. No! We're losing power, losing touch with Kamloops, Lytton, Hope, Fort St. John, Toronto. We experience a rush of solidarity with Newfoundland out there on the fringe. Suddenly we miss the constitutional committees, cabinet shuffle, the CBC.

And things get stranger every day. The sea around us throbs with flying dolphins who cry out their problems as if we were friends. The fleas is spreading out and spreading thin. On Saltspring Island the Buddhist temple necropsy dozens of loggers every day. In the woods deer are rutting, racing in Durwines far forward, tiny cougars pad around shrub-like Douglas fir. Multinational corporations dissolve into cowrie shells, and politicians know for sure small isn't beautiful. For God's sake, Captain, head back home before we all incredibly shrink!

Lights on the Parliament Buildings surge on "Power, Power, Power," they flash so pride as past Hawaii and on and up into the blakc dark coastal night.

We arrive just in time for Canada's 125th, refreshed by our new perspectives, younger and wiser. Ships of the B.C. Ferries fleet, circling in fog and confusion all this time, aim for our docks where they're greeted with wild cheers. What's the point of being an islander if you can't get off to the mainland now and then? But the golliwogs stay put, resume their game. Like good Canadians, pursuing Unity.

ORIENT EXPRESS  
—  
CANADA IS SHAPED  
AND DEFINED AS MUCH  
BY THE SEA AS BY  
THE LAND ITSELF. AT OUR  
WESTERN EXTREME,  
VANCOUVER IS OUR  
GATEWAY TO THE EAST!  
WITH A GLOBAL  
ECONOMY INCREASINGLY  
FOCUSED ON THE  
PACIFIC RIM, FREIGHTERS  
Ply BETWEEN WESTERN  
CANADA AND OUR EASTERN  
TRADING PARTNERS.

Photo by Albert Novaisada



# Together with Canadians since 1817



Bank of Montreal celebrates its 175th Anniversary at the same time as Canada's 125th. Anniversaries remind us to take stock of our inheritance, and to look on it so that future generations will celebrate our legacy to them. We have grown with this great country, and we will grow stronger together.

Matthew W. Barnett  
Chairman,  
Bank of Montreal

This illustration by  
WW Davies, commissioned  
in honour of our 175th  
Anniversary, represents a  
cross-section of our history.



 **Bank of Montreal**  
We're Paying Attention

# EUROPE'S POWDER KEG

## ETHNIC HATRED TEAR YUGOSLAVIA APART

**A**s single accident proved to be the spark that ignited the First World War on June 28, 1914, so the Romanovs' regard of Serbians, 19-year-old assassin Gavrilo Princip fired two shots at the car of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, letting the heir to the Habsburg throne and his wife, Sophie Sophie. Last week, gunfire again echoed through the streets of Sarajevo as ethnic Serbs, opposed to the accession of Prince-Hereditary King of Yugoslavia, Slobodan Milošević, who supports independence. The latest violence was another painful episode in the long history of ethnic tensions that has rocked Southern Europe's Balkan peninsula—enhancing its reputation as the continent's powder keg.

Yugoslavia emerged in a country for the ethnically diverse South Slavs in the wake of the First World War. But throughout most of its history, a common national identity eluded the troubled land. It was only under the 25-year rule of Communist强人 Marshal Josip Broz Tito, beginning in 1945, that the nation experienced at least a surface unity. But when Tito died at 88, aged-old antagonisms again reigned in control and the federal system collapsed.

**Split:** A movement for a union of the South Slavs began early in the 19th century, but it was not until a century later that independence became a reality. Under the Treaty of Verzilje in 1809, parts of what were once the Austria-Hungarian Empire and the Ottoman Empire joined the independent states of Serbia and Montenegro, then the Kingdom of Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia. But the nation was deeply divided. More than 12 per cent of its inhabitants, including Germans, Hungarians and Aromanians, did not speak any of the Slavic languages. Christians were split between the Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches and more than 10 per cent of the population was Muslim. The possibility of building a unitary state from such a mixture seemed more than that reality.

The country was first ruled by Prince Alexander of Serbia, who became king in 1881. Partitioning constitutional disputes between Serbians and Croats, on the one hand, who favored a decentralized federal state, and Serbs, who supported a strong central government, on the other, the long assumed dictatorial



The brutal suppression of nationalistic movements

powers in 1929. Trying to promote a sense of common national identity, he changed the country's name to Yugoslavia, which means "land of the South Slavs." But his regime was Serbia-dominated, and movement on the part of the Serbs. In 1934, Croatian nationalists assassinated the king.

In 1939, the government agreed to give Croatia an independent state. But the outbreak of the Second World War opened way of the darkest chapter in Tito's history. In

April, 1941, the Nazis invaded the country and King Peter and his ministers fled to England. In Serbia, a pro-Nazi regime, the Ustaša, systematically murdered Jews, gypsies and minority Serbs. Serbian supporters of the exiled monarchy, the Chetniks, killed Croats and started a civil resistance movement, Tito's Communist Partisans. Most historians say that, at the time, over 100,000 Serbs were killed by each other side by the Germans.

**Redeemed:** At the end of the war, the Communists prevailed. Tito, a Croat, quickly established the People's Republic of Yugoslavia, a federation of six republics (Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Montenegro and Macedonia) and two autonomous provinces within Serbia, Kosovo and Vojvodina. He ruthlessly suppressed any nationalistic movements.

After Tito's death, an early collective presidency replaced the dictator's one-man rule. To ensure equality, the post of president of the collective rotated annually among each of the republics and provinces. But a crumbling economy, marked by runaway inflation, led to growing demands for free-market reforms and the creation of a central bank.

In 1991, Slovenia and Croatia elected non-Communist governments that demanded a loose confederation. East and West, the two republics declared their independence and civil war began. The Serb-dominated federal army dispatched tanks and troops to crush the Slovenian secession drive. But the federal forces were overwhelmed and shelled. Ever attention is Croatia, using the region's Serbian minority as a fight against independence-seeking majorities. Five months later, Croatia, Slovenia and Bosnia-Herzegovina formally applied to the European Community for recognition as sovereign states. The newly independent republics were subsequently recognized by a number of countries, including Canada. The republic of Macedonia also intends to secede, leaving only Serbia and its tiny ally, Montenegro, committed to the Yugoslav federation.

During Tito's rule, a popular Communist slogan, "Brotherhood and unity," expressed the party's prescriptions for peaceful coexistence. But with the country now in ruins, Yugoslavia seems little more than a doomed experiment in nation-building.

SCOTT STEELE

## A FRACTURED FEDERATION





## SPECIAL REPORT

## **TERROR AMONG THE RUINS**

## WAR TAKES A HEAVY CIVILIAN TOLL

**T**he bodies have been cleared away, but Mudrostas still stalk walls and doorways, hidden at night by the dark that envelopes the deserted buildings. As evening falls, a few terrified mudrostas hide in basements. Using candlelight, they eat sparingly from dwindling supplies of canned food and listen anxiously to the whirr of a television set and the engine of a motorcar outside. Most of the residents of Bajina, a town in eastern Serbia-Herzegovina, are 120 km from the republic's capital and sterilized, 45 were described as Mudrostas.

What happened in Bajina reflects the new horror and tragedy reigning through the breakaway Yugoslav republic. Croats and Serbs in ethnically mixed Bosna-Herzegovina have been fighting since March, when Croats and Serbs, who together make up majority in the republic, voted for independence as a referendum. The clashes worsened after Bosna was unilaterally recognized in early April despite fierce opposition from the Serbian army, which wants to maintain what is left of

targets, came into focus with what became there in effect a civil war. Bosnian Serbs, who at the time numbered about 150,000, formed a majority in Sarajevo. Sarajevo's Serbs directed her 16-year-old son out of their house and shot her at point-blank range. "They did not keep jumping bullets out," recalled Sarajevo. "His body was slumped, jumping. They were enjoying it." Sarajevo appears to know how many people his own gunmen killed on their side through 1995. By the end of the first 42 bodies recovered

cl, had to take place under heavy security at Santiago airport because neither side could guarantee the *je* diplomat's safety in the *soy*-infested city.

Later on Thursday, Carrington was agreeable from the negotiations to be held by the earlier ceasefire, which had been repeatedly broken, and to resume talks this week on the still independently Bosnian state's future. But within hours, heavy fighting resumed in Sarajevo and elsewhere. And by weekend, the ethnic violence that was surging through Bosnia had claimed more than 250 lives, with at least 2,000 people wounded. 1,700,000 souls—the number of refugees set at 335,000—40 per cent of the republic's population—by a too-optimistic estimate.

Among the wounded was a Canadian soldier, an 18-year-old who was shot in the head in a street in Sarajevo, Bosnia, and inside Croatia's border with Bosnia. A local doctor said that the man's passport identified him as a 35-year-old Montenegrin Steve Dujac. The doctor said that Dujac, who underwent surgery for gun and leg injuries, was working for the National Film Board. But an NFB spokesman said that the agency has no crew in the area and no record of the man. He added, however, that several years ago a Steve Dujac used telephone services offered by the board.

**East** Eight years ago, friendly relatives in Sarajevo cheered as their relatives in Sarajevo cheered as world-class skiers, skaters and hockey players competed for gold at the 1984 Winter Olympics. But the stories last week were much more brutal. The city's Olympic romance burned, and heavily armed gunmen fought running battles inside the 1984 Games' joint *politeh* village. Serbian irregulars, with the support of local Yugoslav army tanks, attacked

tacked vital installations throughout the country, including police stations, TV and radio complexes and the main electricity plant. "Middle-class Serbs and Croats have lived in this city together," lamented a young student of mixed Macedonian and Serbian parentage as he waited anxiously with his weeping mother at Sarajevo airport for an evacuation flight to Belgrade. He added: "I love this city. I grew up here. But it can never be the same again."

In Belgrade, Nessa Bernstein, grieving for her murdered son, said that the Serbs had brought about the deaths of thousands just to "keep us slaves. But she claimed that that leading Serbs wanted to change over the past few months after the Serbs began spreading rumors that Croatia in Western Serbia were carrying out measures against Bosnia's Serb minority: "It was as if we were all being forced to get angry, to stand up and identify ourselves, become war-time class," says Bernstein. The repudiation of communism quickly began among the younger Serbs. And while both Muslim and Croatian leaders have called for a "no" vote in the referendum, held on March 29 and March 1, it has been boycotted by most Bosnian Serbs, Bayagić says.

Violence quickly followed. Serbian militia, led by Branko Arkan, an alleged former member of the Yugoslav Communist Party, harassed, bombarded Bihać with mortars supplied by the Serbian-led Yugoslav army. Muslim defence units fought back fiercely, but Arkan's fighters won the battles that engulfed the town for those days and nights. After capturing the local radio station, Arkan forced all citizens of Bihać to what he called the "Srebrenica" town to surrender their weapons.

He men named Bajdžić, shooting young men suspected of carrying arms, one of them was Naser Begićević's son. Fagulđa army troops at the local barracks did not intervene. They later issued a statement that they had received no orders from Belgrade to do so.

**Raped:** Meanwhile, thousands of refugees from the besieged town crossed the Drina River into Serbia. Their stories were uniformly painful. One woman sobbed uncontrollably, telling a reporter that her young daughter had

been killed by super fire. A girl claimed to have been repeatedly raped at gunpoint. An elderly woman helped her husband shuffle painfully along, his legs broken, he said, from severe beatings by paramilitary forces. Leaving their victims brutalized both physically and psychologically, Atikam's men moved on to other Bas-

and total claimed by Serbia, wanting to know if they would say that if they did not offend, they would suffer? 'The same fate as the people in Sloboda.'

As the question exploded, the president of Bosnia Herzegovina, Alija Izetbegovic, signed the dispatch of the peacekeepers in his republic. But a New York City last week, US Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali said that all parties were to blame for the situation in Bosnia Herzegovina, adding that it was not feasible to dispatch peacekeepers in the sovereign republic. Added Boutros-Ghali: 'Given the limitations as human, material and financial resources, and especially in view of the current situation in the Balkans, [US special envoy Cyrus Vance] could not recommend to me such a course of action.'

Still, the United States and the EC have accused Serbia, the largest Yugoslav republic,

involvement in the Bosnian fighting to try to become. And President George Bush's administration has threatened to make Serbia "international pariah" if it does not end its assault. To that end, a growing list of countries will work for a UN Security Council resolution to act on Serbia. And Canada, which organized the independence of Bosnia-Herzegovina on April 6, used a senior official to argue to prevent the Yugoslav army's military actions in the breakaway republic. However, Serbian Foreign Minister Vojislav Jovancic remained defiant, insisting that the Sarajevo-based Yugoslav army is a stabilizing factor in Bosnia, while denying any expansionist

Analysts say that Western nations will likely impose economic and diplomatic sanctions on Serbia that would present a serious blow to President Slobodan Milošević at a time when he is leading a new international movement. Following declarations of independence of Yugoslavia's six republics—Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the breakaway secession of Macedonia, Minister Slobodan Milošević and his tiny sister republic of Montenegro are joined both in the disintegration of Yugoslavia's nation and as members of a world leader that is unlikely to happen while violence rages in Bosnia-Herzegovina. A recent diplomatic effort in Belgrade entered a new dimension for the Balkan republic. "This will be a region of instability for decades to come, just like a modern-day Hundred Years' War."

ANDREW BULSKI with DOUGIE BRANSON on  
signals and consequences: reply

# Our motto.

# IBM MEANS SERVICES

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product or service to help meet the

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# TIGHTENING CIRCLES

**CORPORATE SCAVENGERS  
WOULD LIKE TO PROFIT FROM  
THE REICHMANNS' PROBLEMS**

**I**ndignant byr points from various creditors could be applied to corporate debt, troubled Olympia & York Developments Ltd. of Toronto would be in much better financial shape. Last week, as rumors of O&Y's potential bankruptcy rammed across global financial markets, advisers to the company's owners, Toronto's exclusive Reichmann family, took flight for destinations around the world. Their mission: to ensure the support of existing creditors, who are owed a total of \$16.3 billion by O&Y, and to raise desperately needed new cash. While chief debt negotiator Robert (Steve) Miller was in London enacting a syndicate of international banks to advance over an additional \$230 million for work on its Canary Wharf project, other O&Y representatives travelled to the Midwest and the Coast in search of fresh infusions of capital. One delegation reportedly held meetings in Hong Kong with billionaire Li Ka-shing, who has already bought a stake in one of O&Y's 12 office buildings in New York City. Other Reichmann emissaries were reported to be seeking financial backing from several oil-rich Persian Gulf states, including Saudi Arabia, Dubai and Abu Dhabi.

By week's end, the increasingly frantic race to contain O&Y's cash outflow had produced some positive results. In its first week of existence, its financial distress became public at Nasdaq, the company sold a 7.15-million-share issue of Tru Financial Corp. worth at about \$65 million, and creditors also negotiated a \$50-million short-term loan from a group of banks to cover the company's immediate operating expenses and, for the first time, stated that they would consider selling up to 50 per cent of its Canary Wharf building. Then, late on Friday, sources close to a group of O&Y's London banks and that the soft-ware was ready to lend the company at

least part of what it had requested to keep work going on incomplete sections of Canary Wharf. Further, Miller had told reporters in the British capital that O&Y was not on the verge of bankruptcy. "I'm confident the company will not be allowed to go down by its leaders," he insisted.

But in Toronto, investors holding about \$450 million in securities can hardly know as commercial paper—because increasingly roid in their frustration with the company. Although O&Y has promised to repay these as soon as it can to its 36-story Exchange Tower in Toronto, which secures the bonds in question, investors made it clear that they have become impatient with the as-yet delay in fulfilling that promise. The sale of the office building houses on low-guarantees from Ottawa and the Ontario government, but the federal government declined to comment itself last week as it awaited more detailed financial information from the troubled company. The delay, meanwhile, increases the risk that one or more of the company's creditors might force out bankruptcy. If that occurs, the company could find itself seeking court protection under a variety of legal provisions in the three provinces where its assets are concentrated. The result, according to sources in Toronto's legal community, has been a race to become the attorney of the city's leading bankruptcy experts. For its part, O&Y has retained a platoon of legal advisers, ranging from local firms Davies Ward & Scott and Borden, Paper & Gates, which specialize in bankruptcy, to a high-powered team from Pritch Adams on New York's Wall Street and Goodall & Manser.

Although O&Y's future is still in the preliminary stage, similar restructurings in the past have racked up staggering expenses. In the U.S. cases, legal bills for the liquidation of retailers Federated Department Stores Inc. and Allied Stores Corp. eventually topped \$100 million. Legal and financial advisers net only about every negotiating session, let alone draft and revise creditor documents—billings for each hour's service along the way. Hourly rates for such advice, and not senior insolv-

ency lawyers at a top Toronto firm, are typically up to \$300, for the 18-hour days that O&Y's crisis has demanded, that translates into billings of as much as \$4,800 a day.

For legal firms representing creditors, the involvement in less-hands-on restructuring goes fully under way. Still, because O&Y's secured creditors usually have claims on different assets, some law firms may represent—and bill—more than one secured creditor without a conflict of interest. Said one senior Toronto lawyer, whose firm represents four different key creditors, "It's usually possible to anticipate any conflict of interest at the outset. Most often it's been the case that secured and unsecured creditors."

Meanwhile, in a move that was announced last week, the potentially enormous cost of a full-scale corporate collapse O&Y's strategists appear to be laying the foundation for what is known in financial circles as a "pre-packaged" bankruptcy. Using that approach, a financially troubled company makes arrangements with all of its creditors in advance of filing for bankruptcy, securing their endorsement for an overall restructuring plan. The company then appears in court only to seek formal approval of the new arrangement—often cutting the time for processing a bankruptcy in a month from as long as eight years, the time required to settle the case of Pan Central Corp. of Cincinnati American real estate tycoon Donald Trump, for one, used the approach when his casino operation failed in June, 1990. Accepting in one of the lawyers involved with O&Y, the Reichmanns are already trying to "cut side deals and do the groundwork now," in case they are forced to seek bankruptcy protection.

The work of the lawyers is supplemented by special flying squads of investment bankers and consulting accountants who are put on the same scale as the senior legal advisers. O&Y has retained a team of Pritch Adams, Goodall & Manser, and James D. Wolfson & Co. Inc. and James F. Murphy & Co. Inc. and Hurley, New York and Burnham Fry Ltd. in Toronto as independent financial advisers. Although the cost of these firms' services is not yet public, Thomas Johnson, who listed only three weeks ago O&Y's principal after his hasty appointment on March 26, reportedly received \$12 million for his efforts to put O&Y's imminent restructuring under way. Price Waterhouse, meanwhile, retains O&Y's chief accounting firm. But industry observers say that they expect that the company's creditors will demand independent audit and analysis of financial information from the company as well.

**Business Notes**

## A BIRD-WIRE TRUCE

OTTAWA—And Washington announced agreement in principle on cross-border rules in time for the American bid this month to impose an anti-fibre legislation of \$9.5 billion, retroactive to April 1993, on a case of 34 telcos of Canada was reported to the U.S. Congress, Ottawa agreed to place a ban on imports to protect its own nascent and unsecured creditors.

## LEADER OF THE PACK

The Washington-based International Monetary Fund forecast that Canada will post the highest growth rate, 4.9 per cent, and the lowest inflation rate, 2.3 per cent, among developed countries in 1993. But the agency added that the unemployment rate will likely remain 12 per cent at year's end.

## A BIZZING MAC

The world's largest McDonald's restaurant chain opened near Tsimshatsui Square in Beijing's Xiamen between Chicago-based McDonald's Corp. and the Chinese government. The 1,000-seat outlet is even larger than the chain's restaurant in Macau, a joint venture between McDonald's Restaurants of Canada Ltd. and Ranson International.

## THE UNHAPPY SKINS

Brand names Standard and Poor's Corp. of New York City placed all senior major U.S.-based telcos that are not already bankrupt on its CreditWatch list. The seven, including America West, have started down the past month, though many are suffering reduced losses.

## A CLASH OF TITANS

Canadian Pacific Ltd. filed suit to prevent Atlantic Telecommunications Inc., a subsidiary of giant RSI Inc., from buying the remaining 10 per cent of stock that it does not already own in Great Northern, Canada's smaller telecommunications monopoly. Canadian Pacific alleges that RSI is stifling competition in the industry.

## BAKING ON TRACK

Van Rail maintains heavy transcontinental train service this week with the scheduled departure from Vancouver and Toronto of the rechristened Canadian. The round-trip voyage, which takes about 30 hours, costs \$1,000 and the price of a one-way ticket, \$499.50—increased with \$432.25 for a regular month year.



Paul Reichmann: *savvy, but not all, of the avoided debt relief*

generating new business for other firms.

Another group of professionals is also keeping a keen eye on developments at care, the colorfully named value-add investors. Since most of the high-flying corporate mergers of the 1980s began crashing to earth early in this decade, many fund managers, most of them based in the United States, have spent billions of dollars to snap up the assets and securities of a range of financially troubled operations at a discount. Although care has no public equity outstanding and its assets, to date, are not on the auction block, it does have bonds and other forms of debt on the market. And investors have noted that care's bonds, trading far below their face value because of the high risk associated with the company's delicate financial condition, but holding potential returns of up to 30 per cent, have generated considerable interest among "value" investors in the United States.

Even though the Reichmann brothers would place their reluctance to lose control of any of their enterprises and assets inferior to their need for debt relief, many of their creditors say that care will have to sell some of its properties in Britain and North America to raise cash. If the Reichmanns eventually do hang out care's signs, there will be an ample supply of interested buyers, despite a widespread depression in real-estate markets. In addition to international buyers hunting, including Li Ka-shing and others who specialize in buying properties from desperate owners, several Canadian pension funds have begun to buy bargain-priced real

## THE BOTTOM LINE ON BANKRUPTCY

If Olympia and York Developments Ltd.'s creditors refuse the company's appeals for loan extensions and additional funding, it could be forced to seek protection from their creditors under bankruptcy laws in Canada, the United States and Britain. Multi-million-dollar losses could result in all three countries if there is no timely and feasible plan to restructure the assets and liabilities before it proceeds.

Several developments could force care's debtors into protection. For one thing, the company is currently in default on commercial paper and bond issues underwritten by trustees who had a legal responsibility to ensure that the issues are repaid. The trustees could pursue that can reduce the issuer's step that could put the company into insolvency. A so-called cross-default provision in other loans means that if care fails to service one loan, it is automatically considered to have defaulted on another—opening the way for creditors to attempt to force it into liquidation.

In the United States, care would ask for protection under Chapter 11 of the U.S. Bankruptcy code. Under its terms, a federal judge issues a stay, which prohibits creditors

from taking action against care's assets as part of diversification strategies.

For one, the Ontario Municipal Employees Retirement Board, with \$16 billion in assets, has acquired about \$2 billion in real estate in the past two years. In addition to purchasing properties from bankrupt Canadian Corp. of Toronto, the retirement board has also bought partial interests in several shopping malls from cash-strapped developers. Said Charles Mapogeo, president of the board's real estate division: "We have the luxury of a long time horizon and our investment is not sensitive to one-day price movements." The \$5-billion Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board, meanwhile, is following the same course as recently purchased 50 per cent of three shopping malls from developer Cadillac Fairview of Toronto, as well as commercial property in Vancouver.

Spare cash is clearly a luxury not afforded the executives of care. Instead, as they struggle to re-finance their company, they must increasingly deal with scavengers, as well as creditors, at their door.

BRIDGETTE McNEILITE

opportunity for the creditor and the courts to co-operate with a company's management.

In Canada, companies seeking relief from the courts of creditors file an application under the federal Companies Creditors Arrangement Act (CCAA), which dates from the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Under management of an insolvent company, it is up to the court and receivers to draw from taking any legal action against Chapter 11, however, it does not impose any restrictions on the operations of the business, nor does it provide for any interim financing.

While under the act's protection, the company and its creditors are expected to settle on a so-called plan of arrangement that will satisfy the lenders. For the plan to be approved by the court, a majority of creditors in each class of lender, representing at least three-quarters of the value of the debt in that class, must endorse it.

Take care, the three sets of legislation ensure that, even if care fails to reach a restructuring agreement with its creditors outside the supervision of the courts, negotiations over a \$13.5-billion debt will continue for some time to come.

D. M.



Saudi King Fahd: potential buyer from the Gulf

and seek using a company for its opponents in debt during a 120-day period, while management draws a financial restructuring plan. The company's daily operations, meanwhile, are funded by so-called debtors-in-possession loans, although any major spending or asset sales require court approval.

While the stay remains in place, creditors against representatives to negotiate, with the company's management, a resolution to the problems. At the end of the negotiations, two-thirds of all creditors must approve any reorganization agreement before it goes to a judge for final approval. If the creditors or the court do not endorse the restructuring, allowing the firm to survive, the company may be forced into Chapter 7—liquidating the liquidation of its assets.

The U.S. Chapter 11 served as the model for a new British code of administration introduced in 1986. Like Chapter 11, the Administration Act puts repayment on hold while preventing an



# Why this Canary may never fly

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

**N**othing helps explain more dramatically the Reichmann brothers' troubled journey from being the world's largest real estate developers to the gates of the bankruptcy courts than a visit to Canary Wharf, the conga-peg at the edge of London that may sink them.

The concept was grand enough to allow them to conceive the world's largest banks to have their \$3.5 billion without allowing the usually circumspect architects a peek at their books. The reality is very different. Only a banker who has his training written up against Robert Campion would have a run at this one. On a recent trip to London, I visited the agglomeration of luxury skyscrapers on the Isle of Dogs, a long seven kilometers from London's financial district. On this swanky backdrop, Paul Reichmann stated his family's future.

Presumably because on one morning the titans at the floundering Reichmann empire had taken the time to call on the luxury banks they have used to won over the years, their partners, and their wives, Charles, George, and the others, I borrowed the sign, which is equipped with soft blue sofa and leather-chapped armchairs that allow it to cradle at 25 floors, and we swept by historic London—under Waterloo Bridge and past Royal Festival Hall, past St. Paul's Cathedral and under London Bridge, and alongside RMS Belfast, the last of the Royal Navy's cruisers, permanently moored to the river. Then the shower began to deteriorate—with mist-covered glass, drenched bunting and costing a plough that supported long-distance travel.

Suddenly, out of the rain, roses were the T3 Mutual of the Thames, Canary Wharf. The day I arrived, only one crane at work and a hand gardener is planting purple petunias. The size of the project truly is impressive, especially since it sits there in splendid isolation, like an rifle on a white island.

The Reichmanns' master plan called for

feet of office and retail space, with a million square feet being completed annually for the balance of the decade. So far, about 4.5 million square feet have been finished and less than 60 per cent of the space is leased, with neither that the tenants appear to actually moved in. A 35-story tower that would dominate the skyline, not in the Reichmanns' extravagance spending that strikes the visitor.

Everything is here, titanium steel, ask an engineer—if it's not marble. Mr. Reichmann avoided marble from 30 different countries, each pattern and texture designed to suit the appropriate location. A Reichmann official explained: "The granite used on the floors of one building had to be 'scrubbed by hand' because proved to be slippery in wet weather. The water flow of the fountain in the main square is powered by wind turbines to reduce its arc in high winds, so that the spindlers don't get damaged. Four 50-year-old English oak trees have been transplanted to use of the leaves to provide sun shade, and the Common Land trees that sit near Canary's main entrance were sown in a German nursery for 38 years, their roots truncated basically, so they could more easily be transplanted to a premium use like this one.

The sand eventually stops absorbing debris at the boulders' rounded base, but it's pretty evident that this was meant to be less an economic development than a grandiose monument. In our still-vacant structure, an eight-story, sheet-paned glass atrium of about 60,000 square feet was carved out, just to give those with inside offices a pleasant view.

No wonder the Reichmanns had to skip mortgages on their profitably North American buildings to finance their British office palaces. No wonder they need \$515 million in emergency funds just to float the building at these luxury standards. (That is just for completion of space already leased; as tenants can't move escape clauses.)

According to one insider, it costs \$45 million a month to maintain the half-completed project, so, to attract new and the boulder-headed tenants, the Reichmanns bought back the leases or vacated drywall which are now occupying. The brothers probably own each unoccupied office space in the City. London's financial heart, in other words, trying to revitalize Canary Wharf, for one, with his nearby buildings where the Daily Telegraph is printed to the Reichmanns for \$80 million, before agreeing to move his corporate headquarters into Canary Tower. (The Telegraph property now is worth only \$5 million.)

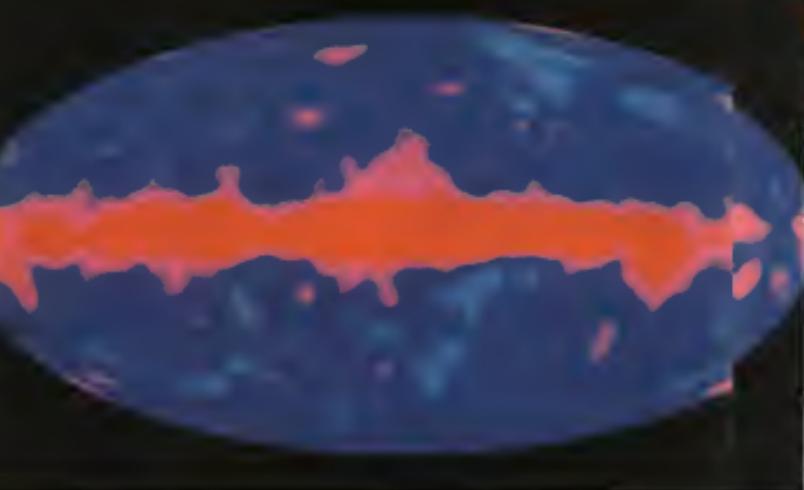
London's real estate market is in a state of collapse. City rents have dropped by 40 per cent in the past two years, and property values are down by at least a third. At the moment, there are 35 million square feet of vacant office space in downtown London. Steven Maxwell of the Midland Bank points out that "the market is in this, it's hard to ascertain what the market value of property really is."

On top of that supply-demand calamity, the Reichmanns face the disappearance of the British government's enterprise tax classification, which gives them incentives that are due to expire this month.

All these problems have been crucial in turning Canary from a potentially glorious corporate asset into a白eathweight. But on one factor is killing the project just as surely as the skyway consumers' experience getting there: the London Light Rail Transit, which was supposed to be one of the main links, remains a sick pile, though its equipment and rolling stock are being gradually upgraded. The government is spending \$44 million on nearby roads, but that won't work either, except for executives in their chauffeur-driven turbos Bentley.

The only practical mass-transit link requires extension of the Jubilee subway line the 16 km from its current terminal at Charing Cross to Greenwich, with a stop at Canary Wharf cost about \$3 billion. The Reichmanns had pledged \$400 million towards the transportation project, but had missed their first instalment of \$83 million, due earlier this month.

Canary Wharf was supposed to become the corporate headquarters of the New Europe. It's much more likely to be a concrete-and-metals monument to Paul Reichmann as the ultimate real estate gambler—a man who didn't know bungee cords are supposed to have legs.



COVER

# 'LOOKING AT GOD'

**S**ince the beginning of time, earth-bound man has searched the heavens for signs that would enrich his life, his soul—and his comprehension. For the ancients, the search was largely spiritual, or astrological, and the findings were based on innumerable belief. But for the past 300 years, from the invention of the telescope to the advent of manned space flight, that exploration has taken on a physical dimension. In humans and their machines pushed beyond the moon, the planets and the sun to the furthest reaches beyond. Then, last week, American scientists announced the discovery of radiation patterns in space that may mark the beginning of time itself. *Scientific American* physics George Smoot, leader of the research team, "If you're religious, it's like looking at God. The order is so beautiful and the asymme-

## STARTLING NEW IMAGES FROM DEEP SPACE APPARENTLY SHOW THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE

try so beautiful that you think there is some design behind it!"

The findings, based on more than 360 million measurements by a U.S. National Aerospace and Space Administration (NASA) satellite, will need additional verification. But their presentation at an American Physical Society meeting in Washington touched off a celebration among physicists around the world. Many have claimed that the universe was being born about 15 billion years ago as the result of a cataclysmic event that has come to be known as the Big Bang, which sent immense quantities of matter and energy traveling billions of miles in all directions. The ripples of the blast, in the form of innumerable known as cosmic background radiation, were detected in 1964 by Nobel Prize winners Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson of the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

University of California at Santa Cruz,

and that

Smoot's conclusions are fully confirmed, "it

is one of the major discoveries of the century.

In fact, it's one of the major discoveries of science," added Michael Turner, a University of Chicago physicist.

The answer, said Smoot, appears to have been born (pun intended) by chance. Background radiation, it detected temperature fluctuations, as well as an east-west gradient of 0.0001, or one thirty-millionth of a degree, in the radiation field. These temperature differences, he added, effectively stirred up the otherwise smooth soup left by the Big Bang and set in motion the processes that ultimately created the galaxies.

"These small variations are the ingredients of tiny ripples in the fabric of space-time, put there by the primordial explosion process," said Smoot, a physicist at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory at Berkeley, Calif., and the University of California. He added, "Over billions of years, the smaller of these ripples have grown into galaxies, clusters of galaxies and the great voids of space." Because the temperature variations took billions of years to reach the smallest of ripples, they may reflect how the universe was evolving when it was only 300,000 years old.

For months before last week's meeting in Washington, the space science community had been buzzing with rumors of a possible cosmological breakthrough. But not until the morning of April 23, when 80 astrophysicists convened for a meeting, one of 13 scheduled for that morning in the auditorium of Washington's Ronald Renaissance Tech World Hotel, did the full magnitude of a new glimpse into the origins of the universe become clear.

**Rejoiced:** The frenetic, 47-year-old Smoot arrived the first evidence of a long-sought cosmological breakthrough. From data picked up by the five-year-long receivers on the satellite, Smoot and his team say that they have probed the silent and largest cosmic structures yet known, the first wrinkles in a seemingly universal soup that agitated the beginning of galaxies. Nancy Boggess, a team scientist who is a member of Smoot's 18-person team, compared it to archeologists unearthing an 8,000-year-old fossil that confirms theories on the beginnings of life. "This is the oldest relic, the oldest fossil of the universe," she said. "It shows what the universe must have been like after the Big Bang."

While acknowledging that the analysis of the satellite data still required further confirmation, scientists hailed the findings as a major breakthrough. At Emporia's Cambridge University, physicist Stephen Hawking, the celebrated author of the best-seller *A Brief History of Time*, declared that the findings represented "the discovery of the century"—if not of all time. "Physicist Joel Primack of the

University of California at Santa Cruz, and that Smoot's conclusions are fully confirmed, "it is one of the major discoveries of the century. In fact, it's one of the major discoveries of science," added Michael Turner, a University of Chicago physicist.

**Rejoiced:** While the photograph of the solar system was difficult for laymen to grasp, Smoot suggested that the findings ultimately will enrich human life by providing a fuller picture of how the universe evolved. "People are curious by knowing where they came from and knowing how they fit in the universe," Smoot told *Scientific American* (page 42). "Think of how people feel when they see the pictures from the moon of the Earth. They saw the blue-and-green glow with clouds around it, and they realized that is where we live. Now, we are



Smoot: image of space from satellite data (opposite) defining ancient structures

going to give people perspective about how our solar system, our galaxy and everything else fit together, and how we conceive of how the whole universe was born and how it developed, the places it went through and how it came to have a structure in it."

Experts in astrophysics said that the new sightings of ancient tracks in the cosmos is a boon to scientists, who can now investigate what happened in the first fraction of a second after the Big Bang, the platform on which many had based their speculations about the origin of the universe. Until recently, measurements of radiation from the cosmos, including radio data from the Cosmic Background Explorer, showed what the scientists call a "smooth Big Bang"—an undifferentiated cosmic broth that

explosive the Big Bang." Added Lotz, "The Big Bang theory seemed in trouble for a while. People were saying, 'If the observations keep on not fitting some important parts of the theory, hey, maybe we should start changing our theory'" (page 43).

**Blasphem:** Besides lending solid support to the Big Bang theory, the findings by Smoot's team provided new support for *Solid*, which, during the past few years, has been embroiled in a series of disasters. At the same time, members of the U.S. scientific community were clearly relieved that Smoot and his group continually checked and re-analyzed their data before announcing a breakthrough—like the two scientists who claimed a breakthrough in cold-fusion energy generation three

years ago. Those claims subsequently were discredited when other scientists could not duplicate the claimed findings. Phil Schewe, a spokesman for the American Institute of Physics in New York City, pointed out that Sone's name, unlike the cold-bucket claimants, distributed four scientific papers at the Washington meeting and submitted them for publication in the *Astrophysical Journal*, a periodical published by the University of Chicago for the Washington-based American Astronomical Society.

**Shocked?** In contrast, Sone's team hastened to make their discovery known through a simple news conference announced to a score of local journalists to their colleagues. And although the starting date was available to the public, that date was three months ago. Team members on continued to refine their analysis to allow a further level of certainty. Said Schewe: "The results were so remarkable that they wanted to make absolutely sure of what they were saying."

Like the evolution of the universe itself, the saga of the Cosmic Background Explorer satellite, which sped into orbit 35 years ago carrying sensitive microwave receivers, had a long and bumpy history. The proposal for such a mission was first submitted to NASA in 1974. It was the brainchild of John Mather, a young scientist at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md., who spearheaded the project. It took another eight years of research and lobbying before NASA approved it in 1980, and combined it with Sone's project



**Milestones:** The questing human spirit, the restless search for answers

and teacher Charles McFadden. The Explorer satellite was scheduled to be lifted into space on a future shuttle flight. With the Challenger disaster, and subsequent reacquaintance with NASA, the project had to go back to the drawing board—to be redesigned for launch by an unmanned rocket.

The change in plan demanded from the potential risks involved in carrying the satellite into

space to make measurements possible in the frigidity of outer space, two of the satellite's measuring instruments were redesigned so that Boggess described as a "giant thermos" containing 330 gallons of liquid helium. The scientists said that they wanted to keep the temperature of the instruments at about 1.16 degrees above absolute zero (0.973 16° C) but the giant thermos was thin-skinned, under heavy atmospheric pressure and capable of being pierced if any mishap occurred during the rocket's launch.

After the Challenger disaster, NASA officials said that they would not take such a risk, said Boggess. "After the Challenger, safety became a key consideration," he said.

**Shuttle flight.** Finally, the launch took place in November, 1988, sending the satellite into a 400-mile orbit that looped over Canada and the Arctic. But after ascent, analysts analyzed the first data, which still showed a basically smooth, undifferentiated, Big Bang, the team was disheartened. Boggess compared the team's task to re-creating a picture of the sky through 360 million individual data points, or snapshots, each one of which had to be examined and re-examined for the slightest differentiation.

During the project, Sone shuttled back and forth from his classroom, laboratory and home in Berkeley to a house near the satellite's Data Analysis Center, a short walk from the Goddard Flight Center, where a sophisticated series of computers was processing the radio-wave signals. By last October, as Boggess put it, "a

whole Book of Genesis, which contains a description of how God created the world in six days, just from stellar, extragalactic debris of the Universe, One-Third Religious, director of the Canadian Observatory for the Cosmic Background of Canada. "At the heart of the idea of the Big Bang is the notion that creation came from some point in our history—and that is very consistent with the Biblical view of creation."

Christians did not always hold such a

whole Book of Genesis, which contains a description of how God created the world in six days. Just from stellar, extragalactic debris of the Universe, One-Third Religious, director of the Canadian Observatory for the Cosmic Background of Canada. "At the heart of the idea of the Big Bang is the notion that creation came from some point in our history—and that is very consistent with the Biblical view of creation."

For his part, Fausto Giuricin, Planck, now 72 and senior scholar at Toronto's Holy Blossom Temple, said that about 50 years ago, he wrote to his physics teacher Albert Einstein to describe his vision of God. "He asked me to me," and Planck, "wrote that what ever diversity he saw in the universe, he saw in the sense of order manifested in nature." Planck added: "My students spoke of God creating the universe. The essence is not the detailed of the constabulatory, but the idea that the universe is not an accident."

**FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT**

*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.*

—Genesis 1:2

Although Christians and members of other major religions were reacted angrily to scientific theories of creation, last week's announcement of data that could validate the Big Bang theory of the universe's origins caused scarcely a ripple in religious circles. Scientists in Washington announced the satellite data appeared to represent radiation patterns from a period just after the cosmic blast, known as the Big Bang, that brought the universe into being. Spokesmen for various religions in Canada said that the theory did not contradict the



**The Cosmic Background Explorer satellite: a long and bumpy road to success**

look like we had a glimmer of something. But a glimmer is not the way a scientist here at Goddard wants to announce a major finding."

In the aftermath of the Washington announcement of the satellite's findings, some members of Sone's team said that the analysis might suggest that the universe would generate radiation beyond Earth's own galaxy. Scientists had previously reported discovering microwave radiation from the beginning of time, but had only to find later that these results were probably contaminated by material much closer to Earth.

Sone's announcement of the satellite's findings and his remark about "a hint of God" revived the long-standing discussion about the relationship between science and religion. Still, many members of major religious denominations new scriptural explanation of the origins of the universe do not differ fundamentally from the kind of simplified scenario given in the Bible's Book of Genesis. "I think we could argue that these results fit up well in the presence of the sense of deity whose purpose is being worked out," said Arnold Wolfendale, Britain's astronomer royal. Science and religion are not mutually exclusive, he said, because "I feel that religion is a completely different dimension not susceptible to scientific proof." For his part, Rev. Frederic

British Columbia physics professor and, like Sone, a member of the Toronto-based Canadian Institute for Advanced Research, said that just despite the experiments with extreme care to make sure that the satellite would generate radiation beyond Earth's own galaxy, Sone's team had probably reported discovering microwave radiation from the beginning of time, but had only to find later that these results were probably contaminated by material much closer to Earth.

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Burnham, a science historian and director of New York's Trinity Institute, a theological center, said that "cosmology and the Big Bang are very compatible understandings of the origins of the universe. There was a very intuitive feel to it." For many theologians, Burnham added, there is no conflict between the Big Bang theory advanced by science and the view that God created the universe out of pre-existing matter.

Some fundamentalist religious leaders disagreed. Henry Morris, president of the Institute for Creation Research in Santa, Calif., said that it was too early to evaluate the new findings. But he added that members of his conservative religious ministry that there is scientific evidence for the biblical teaching that the world was created in six days, and within the past 10,000 years.

**Challenge:** For Sone's team and for the NASA technicians under Mather who designed and built the Cosmic Background Explorer, the challenge applying. The greatest of these announcements was given validation for meticulous and dogged work, said Boggess. "We designed this instrument to do this sort of thing, and we set out to do it in 1975," said, as they planned further experiments, members of Sone's team could only be secretly aware of the fiscal and political pressures the satellite project faces at a time of severe budgetary cutbacks at NASA and throughout government agencies. Sone faced the challenge of convincing NASA officials to keep the satellite staff for a fourth year—at an annual cost of about \$9.5 million.

Meanwhile, scientists who said that the Big Bang findings appeared to have confirmed the Big Bang theory considered the next major issue of cosmology that need to be dealt with. One set of continuing mystery centers on the theory of so-called dark matter, subatomic particles that some scientists contend make up as much as 90 per cent of all the matter in the universe. Following Sone's announcement of the Explorer findings, these scientists said that the discovery of small variations in the structure of the background radiation of the universe actually supported the theory of dark matter, as well as the theory that holds that the universe is expanding through a brief period of rapid expansion shortly after the Big Bang.

With those issues and others are resolved, scientists will come even closer to the most fundamental puzzle of all: what caused the universe to be created in the first place? They argue say that they already know the answer, but some scientists say that question may never have been. Indeed, the University of California's Penzias and the findings of Sone's team may have brought science "a closer to what we expect to be to storage the conditions at the start of the universe." But because it is in the nature of science, and the questing human spirit, the restless search for final answers destined to become even more intense after the first, tentative glimpse of the beginning of time.

**KAR CORLETTI and MARC MCDONALD with JILLIAN MACKINNON in Washington**

MARY SENECHAL

# THE MAN WHO HAS 'THE KEY'

## SHINING LIGHT ON COSMIC SECRETS

**Two days after his triumphant announcement of the *Explorer* satellite's dramatic findings, astrophysicist George Smoot talked for several hours with MacLean's Washington Correspondent Hilary MacLean. During the conversation at Smoot's house near Greenbelt, Md., Smoot discussed the significance of his team's discovery and how it was achieved. Excerpts:**

**On what the satellite finding showed:** We thought there had to be ripples. That is what I have been working to try to find for 15 years—to find those ripples. The ripples become changes in variance, and those are the ones that were going to change the matter together and make it easier to start a galaxy form, and then the matter and matter would be pulled together. We expected to find the ripples on a much larger level, and that is why there is one more interesting piece. If they are as small (as the smaller data indicated), then must be this invisible matter in the universe.



**Smoot: 'What drove me for three months was that I wanted to know the answer.'**

not like the material you and I are made out of, but matter that doesn't interact with light. It is invisible and the only way that you can see it is by its footprint. Not an invisible dust that walls are made of. You can see a footprint and how much it weighs in, and you can tell how heavy it is. And that's what we are seeing. We are seeing the footprints of the invisible matter of the universe.

**On what caused the ripples:** Whatever caused the rapid expansion of the universe following the Big Bang—the same forces

caused the tiny ripples. Because if you try to do something too fast, you shake a little. God might be the designer.

**On the team's work:** For 15 years, we thought about how to do the experiments. We had to worry about the moon, the polarizers—anything that could provide a signal. When you are looking back in history, you have to look past everything that ever happened. Then we had to make receivers. We spent three or four years getting them together, testing them. Then we had to take data for over a year, until we finally had enough data points. Then we had 360 million data points and we had to process it very carefully. If only a tiny fraction of the data was wrong, there would be a mistake. So most of the year we spent checking that we had done everything right, trying to account for everything and putting everything together as the great big puzzle.

**On how the findings could be used:** People speculate that if we can understand how the universe began, we might be able to make some one prediction. It's a mystery. You just have to get a tiny part of space into the same conditions as one original atom and then it happens automatically. That is what is so wonderful about this theory. Whoops, and you have the whole universe.

**On why the findings are important to non-scientists:** Everyone feels the need to know where they came from and who they are. Every culture has had myths about how the world began. In modern times, we are very technological and we have our scientific version. And it turns out that scientist's version is more incredible than any myth anyone ever made.

**On the Big Bang theory:** Twenty-eight years ago, with the discovery of the relic radiation from the Big Bang, the theory suddenly vaulted into the forefront of science's explanation of the origins of the universe. The theory says that the universe started from conditions that were extremely hot and extremely dense. The big mystery was that when we observe the universe, we see all these latent and potential that are changes of matter with empty regions between them. Up and down, when we looked at the relic radiation from the Big Bang, which gives us a picture of what the universe looked like 300,000 years after the Big Bang, or 15 billion years ago, when the universe was very new, it was uniform. So there was this puzzle: you can say that you have a very smooth beginning and you have a highly un-uniform present, and how the universe made that transition?

**On the searching for the origins of the universe:** We measured the background radiation with radio receivers and measured the amount of power coming in from all parts of the sky. That radiation has been traveling to us for 15 billion years. We know that after the Big Bang, there was a transition of matter. Instead of being gas or liquid, it was hot plasma, and suddenly it became opaque like a fog. The universe was opaque for a long time, and then it expanded. Then it cooled down and became transparent. Light has been traveling to us from the edge of the fogbank for 15 billion years, and we are looking back 15 billion years—almost to zero. That's how we know that we are measuring what things looked like at that time.

# THE BIG PICTURE

## COSMOLOGISTS SWEEP THE SKY FOR ANSWERS

**L**ike many parents, William Smoot occasionally takes his young son outside of night to gaze at the stars and to look for such phenomena as the Big Dipper or Orion. And his son, the 10-year-old Vancouver resident, acknowledges that he can identify only a few constellations without the aid of a guide. But for Smoot, the night sky is more than a passing interest. It is his life's work. Uruch, a physicist and cosmologist at the University of British Columbia, is one of about a dozen Canadian scientists dedicated to studying the structure and origins of the universe. Last week, Canada's cosmologists quietly celebrated the announcement that American scientists had developed space images illustrating the way in which a cosmic explosion may have set in motion the building of the universe about 15 billion years ago. Said Smoot: "It really firms up the models we have of how the universe developed."

While astronomers study the behavior of specific parts of the universe, cosmologists attempt to understand the whole universe as a whole. And while the former can easily collect firm measurements to test their theories, cosmology is still a theoretical science. That was one reason why the Washington announcement of the new findings was greeted with as much enthusiasm. Said James Peebles, 57, a Canadian-born physicist who teaches at Princeton University in New Jersey: "It gives us a rock to stand on, and that's difficult to do in cosmology."

**Exploding** Until the early 1970s, most astrophysicists claimed that the universe was a static collection of stars, galaxies and other celestial objects. But as scientists began to absorb the theories of Albert Einstein, a few physicists, mathematicians and astronomers developed new models of the universe. In 1972, Russian astrophysicist Aleksandr Friedman first argued that the universe may have been created by an explosion, and could still be expanding. Five years later, Belgian priest and astronomer Georges Lemaître developed a similar theory.

By the end of the 1970s, American astronomer Edwin Hubble had made a series of startling discoveries that supported the theoretical work of Friedman and Leidenfrost. Hubble first discovered that other galaxies existed outside



**Space image: unravelling the mysteries of the universe**

the Milky Way, the enormous system of stars of which Earth and the sun are a part. He then found that the individual galaxies are moving apart and concluded that the universe is expanding.

The next major breakthrough is what had become the emerging science of cosmology occurred almost 20 years later. In 1985, Russian-American scientist George Gamow developed a more elaborate theory about the explosion that triggered the creation of the universe, and it became known as the Big Bang. Gamow also speculated that most of the universe's mass—about 90 percent—was composed of dark matter, which he called "the stuff that is in the background." He and his colleagues also theorized that the universe would be filled with a high density of radiation, which he called "the fire of light."

A quarter of a century later, Gamow was proven correct. During the mid-1980s, two scientists named Alan Peacock and Robert Wilson were testing a satellite receiving device

at a Bell Telephone laboratory. Consequently, about 50 km away in Princeton, a team of scientists that included cosmologist Peebles had begun an experiment aimed at finding Gamow's radiation relic. Peebles said that the leader of the Princeton team, Robert Dicke, received a telephone call one day from the Bell scientists. They complained that their satellite receiver was picking up strange noises which they could not identify. Peebles and that Dicke deduced immediately that the noise came from radiation left over from the Big Bang. He put the telephone down, turned to his colleagues and said: "Folks, we've been scooped."

**Wave** Since then, cosmologists have designed dozens of experiments aimed at analyzing the reverberating waves of energy now known as cosmic background radiation. Scientists have also been looking at the universe from other angles. Peebles said that he is trying to unravel the mysteries of the universe by studying the size, location and distribution of galaxies. He said that he has been a part of a growing network of American researchers, Donald Stump and Carl Williams, who in the 1950s photographed and mapped the one million largest galaxies that can be observed through telescopes. During the past few years, three teams of British scientists have photographed and mapped another two million galaxies, all of them visible from the Southern Hemisphere.

To a cosmologist, cosmic background radiation represents the most basic information available about the formation of the universe. Peebles said that the galaxies represent the most up-to-date information. Even though had no scientific evidence has been found to provide some clues about the origins and the current status of the universe, most cosmologists acknowledge that they have only begun to explore a vast and perplexing subject. "A lot of the stuff we do addresses the most fundamental issues—questions about time and why we have time—the fire, philosophical implications," said Uruch. "What has always amazed me is that our society is willing and able to support a few people to do things I'm happy to see one of them."

DAVY JENKIN



# Meeting in Seville

Expo 92 draws attention to a new Spain

**F**rom the outside, the Canadian pavilion at Expo 92, the world's fair that opened in Seville, Spain, on April 28, looks like little more than a simple metal box. In fact, it is a uniquely practical one of the most innovative and exciting buildings at the fair.

It was designed by a consortium

of Luc Laprade, and Vancouver architect Alan

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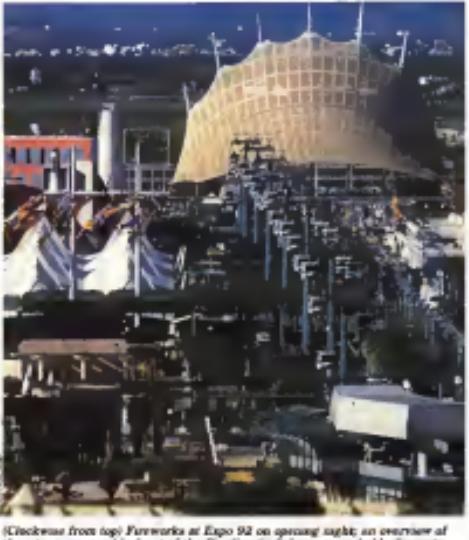
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Canadian architect

graphic artist Dean Folsom, dimensioned the bar as expensive but impressive. "It's a well-made bar with the room," said Kestell, who added that they cashed out about \$150,000 in admissions. "The crowds are small, the waitstaff is perfect and the bar is broad-based." Folsom said that although the temperature reached 38° on the day that they visited, there were plenty of coolings and screens for shade. Outdoor operator systems also spray jets of fine mist in the air to keep people cool. And that will provide welcome relief as the temperatures soar and the crowds swell.

DARCY JENKINS with correspondence reports



(Clockwise from top) Fireworks at Expo 92 on opening night; an overview of the site; a monorail in front of the Geodesic Sphere; remarkable diversity

# A pen for thoughts

Thinkpads take some mystery out of computers

Ever since personal computers went onto the market in the late 1970s, manufacturers have sought to make them smaller, more powerful and easier to use. But even the so-called laptop computers, introduced in the late 1980s, have limitations to their use, can have a keyboard or a so-called mouse pointing device. Some potential users find operating them difficult or frustrating. As a result, to

attract business computer users, International Business Machines Corp (IBM) of Armonk, N.Y., announced on April 16 that in the summer it will start marketing a portable computer that is controlled with an electronic pen. The new computer, called a Thinkpad, can recognize a user's printing and respond to it in the same way that conventional computers act on keyboard or mouse inputs. With Thinkpad, one will join a small but rapidly growing number of hardware manufacturers and software developers who are letting that pen-operated computers will capture the hearts, minds and pocketbooks of many more computer users. According to some industry analysts, sales of pen-operated computers could reach \$3 billion a year by 1990.

Advocates of the new systems base their projections on the simplicity of pen-operated computers. "Pen systems will open up a whole new market for computers," said analyst Michael O'Neill of Toronto-based Incus Canada Ltd., which tracks the information technology industry. Pen-based computers were designed with so-called mobile professionals in mind—people including salesmen or insurance adjustors who spend most of their time out of the office.

For them, a simple pen-operated computer can replace paper forms, pencils, pens, pocket calculators and clipboards. For one thing, using a sales order becomes a simple matter of touching the computer pen to the appropriate box of an electronic order form and, with the help of a program, transmitting the information to head office over telephone lines. Experts estimate that pen computers could be used for 90 per cent of business data that are currently computerized.

Pen-operated technology is designed to allow users to print directly onto a computer as though they were scribbling on a notepad. Instead of pen and paper, the technology em-

plies a cordless electronic stylus and a glass surface carrying an electrostatic charge that can track the stylus's movements. Words appear on the computer screen, either in the original form or in the selected typeface. Simple editing changes can also be carried out with the stylus, driving a line through a word on the screen will delete it from a text. Users can execute more complex commands by touching



Francis with a Thinkpad pen-based computer are a more familiar, natural way to work\*

the stylus to an on-screen menu. "Pen computers take advantage of things people have learned to do without thinking, like putting pen to paper," said Norman Francis, president of PenPublic Software Inc., a two-year-old Vancouver company that has developed software for the new computers. He added "It's a more familiar, natural way to work."

The 12½-by-9½-by-2½-inch Thinkpad, which will be available in the United States in July and later in Canada, marks an important departure for IBM. Until recently, all pen-operated computers currently in use can read operating systems, the basic software that co-ordinates the various functions of a computer, that were developed to Microsoft Corp of Redmond, Wash. But as their corporate strategies have changed, the former allies have become more intent on competing. Microsoft's software for the Thinkpad, more or less of pen-operated computers uses the PenPoint operating system from cc Corp., a five-year-

old company based in Foster City, Calif.

In addition to IBM, 22 other hardware manufacturers have announced that they will make computers employing the PenPoint software, including PenPoint, Calif.-based GRD Systems Corp. and Korea's Samsung Corp. All except IBM, however, have bought their beta. Dayton, Ohio-based NCR Corp., for one, equips its new 3115 pen-based network computer, introduced last October, with either PenPoint or Microsoft operating systems.

Meanwhile, at least 48 software companies have developed almost 50 programs to run with PenPoint. "It's relatively unusual in this industry to have that level of support this early on," said cc chairman Jerald Kaplan. "It means we have a lot of momentum." Vancouver's PenMagic, for one, has introduced Numeros, a software program for financial work. Among its wide range of capabilities, Numeros lets the user, with a few strokes of the pen, automatically revise all sorts of related



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## FILMS

# Hoping beyond hope

Three new movies beguile and bewilder

**SOUTH OF MANN**  
Directed by Robert Boyd

Ever since Nova Scotia lumberjacks struck out for Toronto in Govt. Down the Road (1970), characters in Canadian movies have been leaving home, looking for the bright and shiny, and invariably coming with disappointment. Now, *South of Mann* offers a perverse variation on the theme of thwarted dreams: two lumberjacks in a small-town Ontario logging camp get all excited about going on a simple

adventure for her older, wiser and more photogenic colleague. Esoteric, mirthless, feels her life is going to waste. Marrying time with two children and an infantile husband (boldly portrayed by Scott Rutherford), she faces her 35th birthday with grim resignation. Going to the Dixie Hall concert becomes the highlight event in her life—except that she has to share it with Cheryl-Anne, who cannot believe her luck when she gets to tag along.

Toronto director Robert Boyd, making his first feature, squares good mileage from a



Scene from *The Fauci* dazzlingly elevate drama about poverty, wealth and power

date to Dixie Hall concert in Toronto, but never even make it to the highway. A modest score about soundly modest ambitions. *South of Mann* lags from force to passion to a slight sentiment. Strikingly, it's effect, it never manages to settle on a consistent dramatic tone. But persuasive, heartfelt performances make the film's shortcomings seem almost as poignant as the plights of its characters.

Fresh from Manitoba's National Theatre School, Catherine Pock makes an impressive screen debut as Cheryl-Anne, a naive, lonely woman with a touchy grin and a pair of cheerful fingers. The vivacious Rebecca Jenkins, a Fauci devotee for her role as a wistful piano singer in *Bye Bye Blues* (1980), plays Esoteric. Cheryl-Anne's co-worker at the logging camp, Cheryl-Anne displays an unaffected

affection for her older, wiser and more photogenic colleague. Esoteric, mirthless, feels her life is going to waste. Marrying time with two children and an infantile husband (boldly portrayed by Scott Rutherford), she faces her 35th birthday with grim resignation. Going to the Dixie Hall concert becomes the highlight event in her life—except that she has to share it with Cheryl-Anne, who cannot believe her luck when she gets to tag along.

Toronto director Robert Boyd, making his

first feature, squares good mileage from a plot in a bewildering maze of cops, chiseling cops, blackmail, the identity of the dead man, Key becomes involved with a steamer wagon dealer (Olivier Souleau), a wealthy adman (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) and a corrupt FBI agent (Samuel Jackson). Esoteric, Cheryl-Anne and Mastrantonio remind us much—while Jackson's bugs around like a racist caricature of a hapless black man.

The greatest mystery in *White Sands* is the setting. Menzies Rogers has an embarrassingly marginal role as Ray's wife. And it's strange to see the wacky Wilson Dafas trying to play the virtuous born, a hermit family man with a white cowboy hat and a blue Corvette. Every so often, he slips back into his most characteristic malice, as if his hand has wandered into another movie. Perhaps he is just confused. At one point, Mastrantonio's character asks, "What is hell going on?"—a question that the steady marge of *White Sands* never answers.

**THE FOUCI**  
Directed by Christian Edouard

Bribe-based detective Christine Edouard first defiled the halls of government (including with Leslie Dwyer in 1981) as a sex-crazed seductress of a Charles Deneuve novel that received widespread theatrical release despite its four-hour length. Now, Edouard has returned to Victorian England to create *The Fauci*, a dazzlingly bizarre drama about poverty, wealth and power. Stage veterans Derek Jacobi, Judi Dench and a veritable panoply as Mr. Frederick, a London clerk who leads a double life commanding horses in a theater company. But with a change of clothes, that Dickensian Clark Kent transforms himself into a high-society Supervisor named Sir John, a shrewd specialist who manipulates the great and guidable of the rich.

Partly based on a story written by

journalist Henry Mayhew between 1846 and 1861, *The Fauci* breathing with contemporary relevance, the plot turns on much-stirred scandal, financial fraud and illegitimation. Set in 1857, Edouard's costume drama boasts a cast of nearly 200 costumed actors. But they are just a tapetope for Jocelyn's performance, which has the dimension of a one-man show. Flatty photographed and too enamored with its own look, *The Fauci* is nothing at times. Like a Victorian novel, it takes some getting into. But the payoff is worth the investment.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

budget of less than \$2 million. And Marga Temmam of the Cowley Judicars comment the score with bolts of quiet desperation. But although the film's smalltown whimsy has flashes of wit, much of the humor is broadly condescending. And the Fauci personifies irony for its own sake. *South of Mann*, like its Gothic Gothic characters, is all dressed up with nowhere to go.

**WHITE SANDS**  
Directed by Roger Donaldson

It begins with stylish premise. A police car is racing along the edge of a canyon, leaving a trail of dust in the amber light of the New Mexican desert. A close-up shows a valiant going-down of a man lying on the ground with

a gun in his hand and flies buzzing around a hole in his head. Beside him is a briefcase packed with half a million dollars. The investigation leads to the lip of a small-town deputy sheriff named Ray (Wilson Dafas), who watches the local courses (M. Russell Wilks) and runs the racing meet, and does not care a cent for paper betting or place numbers—a real place. That showing detail is one of the more plausible moments in *White Sands*, a mystery that then becomes so convoluted, it defies comprehension.

The plot is a bewildering maze of cops, chiseling cops, blackmail, the identity of the dead man, Key becomes involved with a steamer wagon dealer (Olivier Souleau), a wealthy adman (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) and a corrupt FBI agent (Samuel Jackson). Esoteric, Cheryl-Anne and Mastrantonio remind us much—while Jackson's bugs around like a racist caricature of a hapless black man.

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BRIAN D. JOHNSON

## ART

# Dark reflections

*Native artists map the legacy of Columbus*

**F**or Europeans, the epic voyage marked the discovery of a new world—along with riches and riches with potential. The Oct. 12, 1492, landing of Italian explorer-adventurer Christopher Columbus in America was an achievement on the order of 20th-century man's landing on the moon, an exploit to remember and celebrate. And to mark the 500th anniversary of the historic voyage, numerous commemorative feste are taking place in both New and Old Worlds this year. But for many descendants of the millions of indigenous natives of the Americas, whose ancestors had already been there for millennia, Columbus's discovery had tragic implications. During waves of European settlement, they were exploited, enslaved and killed in greater numbers by new weapons as well as by imported disease. That devastating toll is highlighted in a spirited, though sombre, exhibition at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Que., called *Indigenous Perspectives of Indigenous Peoples on Five Hundred Years*.

The show, which opened on April 16 and continues until Oct. 12, in the confluence of an array of curation-based events reflecting Columbus's impact on native people. With the exhibit, which will later travel to other museums and galleries in North America (and which is accompanied by a book of essays and repro-



*Rick Rizzo's Custer #3: catastrophic loss*



*Louise Belanger's Little Spheres: a renaissance more vital and dynamic*

*Indigenous Perspectives of Indigenous Peoples on Five Hundred Years*, published by Douglas & McIntyre and selling for \$40, a new generation of 19 Canadian, Métis, Mi'km and Inuit artists explore the legacy of the Columbus voyage. Their 30 sculptures, paintings, photographs, video displays and mixed-media installations provide a stirring portrait of catastrophic loss, of what might have been if Old World intruders had left the native peoples to live in peace in the homelands they first arrived in more than 22,000 years ago. Said Luke Seven, a New Brunswick Mi'kmaw whose three surrealistic works in the show collectively titled *Columbus Derivatives* are compellingly悲痛, "Native people are the ones that can't share in the spirit of celebration. The one thing they can celebrate is that they have survived."

*Indigenous* began taking shape in 1989—before the collapse of Métis Land and the traumatic events of Oka, Que., in 1990—when the curators' contemporary-native arts institute, Gerald McMaster, and native-art scholar Lee-Ann Martin first heard of plans for celebrating marking the Columbus discovery. Said McMaster, a Plains Cree born in North Battleford, Sask., who is also an artist: "We left that native people also had to be part of that celebration. We had to ask the question, 'If the colonizers were celebrating, what about the colonized?'"

McMaster acknowledges that *Indigenous* only scratch the surface of the cross-cultural gift. That is itself, he argues, has long been weighted in favor of non-natives—that is almost always an alternative view shared by native groups. McMaster notes that indigenous people regard the Northwest Rebellion, which resulted in the hangings of Métis leader Louis Riel in 1885, not as rebellion but as an act of "resistance" in reasserting native so-

vere. Said McMaster: "Canadian history is the same as when I went to school, it's skewed." Everyday life itself also harbors coded messages and double meanings for native people. "Just look at the monuments around Ottawa," said the curators. "They represent 'discoveries.' The only one is a 40-year-old man sitting at French engineer Samuel de Champlain's feet." Added McMaster: "My question is, 'Which of the two is really the great Canadian?'"

That attitude carries over in the works in *Indigenous*. While some of the pieces at the exhibition make references to the deepest concerns of native people—the land, the environment, the community and others are ironic or frankly humorous, others allude to the legacy of colonization as well as acts of history that many non-natives have long accepted as true. One work, an installation entitled *Prerogatives of a Spanish Descendants*, which occupies an entire room of the exhibition, offers a wide-ranging, blantly framed and unsettling learning experience. Artist Jason Cardinal-Schubert, the son of the curators' Métis architect, Douglas Cardinal, presents a revealingly angry expression of responses to native and colonization.

Using drawings, artifacts, sculpture, written text and images of both cultural and misappropriated materials, Cardinal-Schubert touches on many aspects of native life since the arrival of the white man—conversion to Christianity, life on reserves and reserve duty for native children among them. "When non-native people start facing what has been going on," the artist told MacLean's, "there will be a lot of guilt. People will have to deal with what their ancestors did."

Salvation and a sense of loss mark *Indigenous*, an inspiring display of native socio-cultural-geographic contexts by B.C. painter Jim Logan. His central focus is the resource's ice risk and a hockey game. But lurking at the painting's edges are a man competing in a rodeo, two others fighting, a drunk and, through a window, the wife and his brother watching a televised hockey game in their home. "Hockey for my dad was an escape," Logan writes in his notes at the *Indigenous* volume. "We dreamed of being somebody important, somebody respected. He wanted to be a winner, but his wife wouldn't allow it."

Other *Indigenous* works, by contrast, mock the dominant culture. In a darkly wryly, Vancouver painter Lawrence Paul's *Red Man Beating White Men Toying to His Hair at Sky* shows a stylized Indian observing a white-accented standing on another's shoulders as they attempt to place a perch on Earth's nose to create a ripple effect that will carry to other



*Lawrence Paul's Red Man Watching White Man: Clean your land. This earth is not a latrine.*

communities, other generations." Clearly, the striking images presented in the exhibition could play a part in ending the five-century gap between native and invading cultures that has so drastically scarred the history of the Americas.

GLEN ALLEN

## Maclean's

NET-SALE LIST

**FICTION**

- 1 *It's for Everyone*, Gopnik (4)
- 2 *Border of Desire*, McNeil (1)
- 3 *All Around the Town*, Clark
- 4 *The Pelican Brief*, Coulter (2)
- 5 *Griffin & Sabine*, Bennett (5)
- 6 *Wine-america*, Carter (7)
- 7 *Probe*, Sennett (3)
- 8 *The Big Queen of Sheba*, Brooks (8)
- 9 *Jesus*, Monroe (4)
- 10 *The End of the Pier*, Gribus (10)

**NONFICTION**

- 1 *Resolutions from Within*, Steinman (1)
- 2 *Breakfast, Follett (2)*
- 3 *Wonders of the Gobos*, Kaufman and Smith (2)
- 4 *Popcorn Report*, Pivnick (2)
- 5 *The Sign and the Land*, Novak
- 6 *A Return to Love*, Wilfong (2)
- 7 *Stolen Continents*, Riggle (2)
- 8 *Health Without Harm for Canadians*, Green (2)
- 9 *The Culture of Contentment*, Gutfreund (2)
- 10 *Double Cross*, Guasconi (2)

11 *Positive Test* (cont.)

Compiled by Brian Pidgeon



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## COLUMN



# An island with the memory of youth

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

**S**equined students of the compass will recall Alley Oop, the Stone Age figure in a headdress, leaping with a fast, even more fierce than a modern leviathan, created by a cartoonist by name of V. T. Hamlin in the early 1930s. Alley Oop—so agile, Pitkahe Pete—strolling through the jungle one day comes upon a giant cobra. It turned out to be a time machine, into which you could walk and be transported at the flick of a switch to another generation, another era, another evolution.

It was a pleasure of the transfer of matter—as future boffins will be able to do with us, pressing a button so we get through the geiger counter at the airport and immediately transporting our bodies to Tokyo, rather than going through that horning airplane business.

There is, believe me, the same sort of time-machine aspect when one flies over the idiosyncratic island known as Bermuda, strung out by itself out in the Atlantic, sealed off from corn, fricassee in the past.

There is the impression that one has walked back into 1942, all the blunders in picture here, all the men in jackets and ties at all the right times of day, every building either pink or white, all of it right out of a movie script starring Sonja Henie and Gene Tunney.

New York City authorities released a study last week revealing that the special Manhattan edition—“surprise”—was no longer a curiosum, a fascinating curiosity of history, of nostalgia, but in fact was more likely to be an immigrant from Africa or the Caribbean or elsewhere.

This will come as a major shock, of course, to any resident of Toronto where today's cabrio almost certainly arrived by parachute from Chad that very morning and has no idea where the airport is, let alone a shawl or where might be the address of Aunt Anna in Massachusetts. (Toronto cab drivers hold the Guinness Book of Records mark for rudeness, and every heavy cab in Vancouver is a superimposition of Niagara and the Rockies.)

In Bermuda, though, in the 1940s, a cab driver gaudily the delightfulness of Liliwong's Pappa

He is prototypical, middle-aged, gentle, polite and regards his job as rather like to what in other cultures would be regarded as a respectable trade—a butcher, perhaps, or a barber, possibly a master hairdresser.

The general atmosphere of the trade extends through the Coral Beach and Tennis Club, located in a cliff looking toward Spain. It belongs in no one's charge. It has belonged to the Smith family of Bermuda for eight generations. Even more, it is a matter of fact, Capt. Christopher Smith sailed briefly from England in 1624 on a ship named Belvoir and, finding Bermuda a rather agreeable place, stayed out to.

There was a reason mentioned on the property in 1628, the early settlers prepared to defend that place against the Spanish. About two centuries later, two girls were measured to wear of Napoleon. Now, the only threat is the size of the bathing suits on the beachheads on the sweeping white beach.

Bermuda and tennis go together, as these of us still fleet of foot know. The first two courts were laid down 53 years ago. A few months later, the first aviation tournament was held. The winner of the men's singles, W. Donald McNeill, several months later, than showing being 1940, won the United States Tennis Championship at Forest Hills. The first lady champion, if you must know, Miss Grace Wheeler, defeated the famous Sarah Philby Cook of Forest Hills.

Leaders of the Coral Beach and Tennis Club tend to have names like Gracey, Elton Muir and Minnie and Phatty and Candy. That is the New England Establishment at play. At play, but not too much, please. At dinner, a dignified gentleman who looks like a former secretary of state moves slowly between the tables, imploring us to be silent, click to Bermuda shorts, leave socks on. Could

be a South, probably in.

Bermuda is perhaps the only resort in the world where you have to dress better than you do at home. This is a novel approach, since the basic idea of a holiday is to get on shorts and swimsuits and bikini clad. Not so, on the island in the middle of the Atlantic.

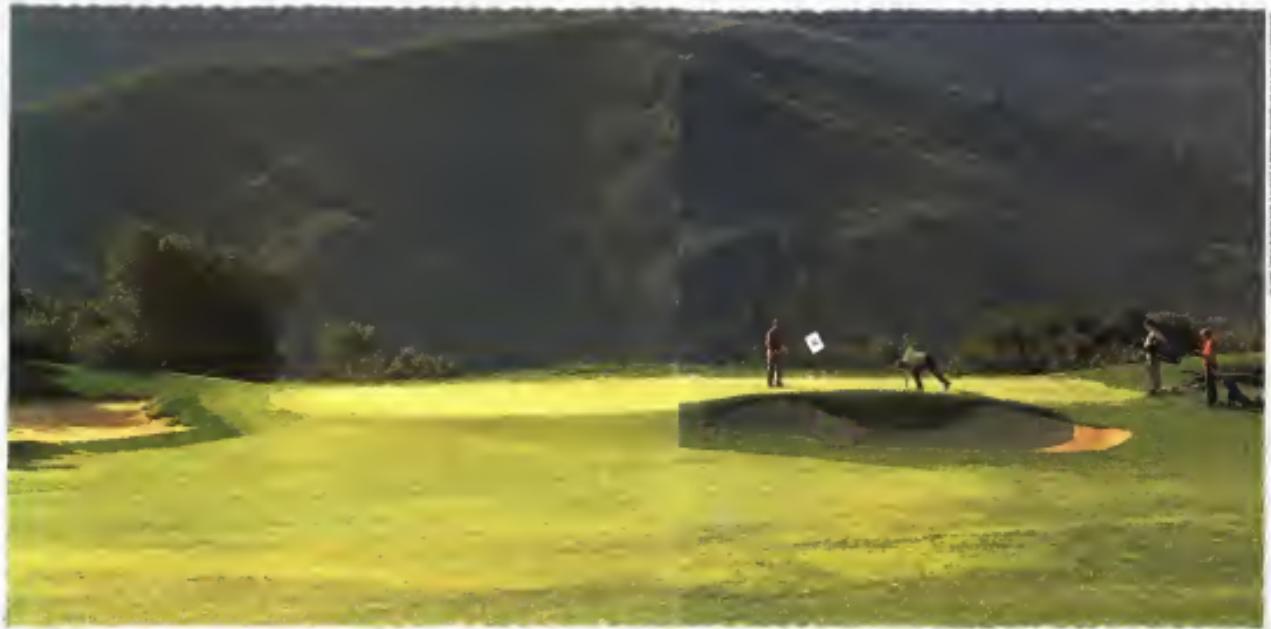
This may be the honeymoon capital of the world, especially at Tamar, and the handsome young couple in casual swimwear slapping up to the bar for a nightcap would appropriately happy. They lasted less than 30 seconds—a whisper, a word, what does one, we presume, to bed again.

The colors are pink. The curtains are festooned with pink flowers. The bedspread is pink and white. The required costumes on the tennis court, as could be expected, are of white. Andres.

There is a mystery to all this, of course, one redolent of the snake: where rules start and the clowns stop for captain and port after which the ladies and gentlemen do what they like with the children. It is an experience everyone should track, a return to the days when school was half term and F. Scott Fitzgerald was dancing in the hallways.

McNamee would not be happy on Bermuda—not welcome. Maggy in the picture hat, would not be amused. The name of the daily paper is the Royal Gazette. Those of us at the Coral Beach and Tennis Club, where a tractor with a male colonelise the Spaniards at the end and the photographs will look better, in prove of this last venture of the 1940s. One large looking around, expecting Bessie Goodman to be walking in with her claret. All had Alley Oop and the time machine.





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